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TITO VERSUS STALIN.

WHEN, four days after my arrival in Belgrade, Yugoslavia secured election (on October 20th) to the Security Council in defiance of frenzied Russian intrigues and threats, the atmosphere here grew tenser than at any time since the breach with the Cominform. A responsible Western diplomat told me: "I can only compare the ten days ahead of us to the ten days which succeeded the national revolt in June 1941 against Prince Paul's sell-out to the Nazis. There is the same feeling of jubilant amazement at the unexpectedly successful defiance of a bully, coupled with a tense wonder of what to-morrow will bring. Stalin's answer may well be the same as Hitler's—a formal ultimatum followed by a hail of bombs." The ten days—and many more—passed without anything so dramatic. To believe that Moscow can afford to swallow this worst diplomatic affront since the war is to make one of the various fundamental mistakes about Yugoslavia. This same diplomat, like all other qualified observers and informed Yugoslavs, had a number of other possibilities in mind, some of them very long term; twenty years elapsed between the denunciation of Trotzky as a heretic and his final liquidation by N.K.V.D. agents. The world seems slowly to be realising that Russia's motive is not indignation at the defection of a satellite, as the Cominform and its apologists in our midst sought so long to pretend, but genuine fear. Since 1945 all the efforts of the Western world to set bounds to her imperialist expansion have failed. It has been left to Tito to call a halt. And the survival of an independent Yugoslavia threatens to force back the so far irresistible flood.

In none of the Eastern European countries overrun by Russia has there been a genuine revolt of a Communist proletariat or a natural revolution of any kind, as there unquestionably was in Yugoslavia. What happened was that as the Red Army moved in and replaced the retreating Nazis it set up weak puppet régimes, which had to include the Communists, no matter if they were under 5 per cent. of the population. First Moscow gave the key positions to them, then by a variety of means it discarded the non-Communist puppets one after the other, went through the farce of (completely fraudulent) elections, and finally installed purely Stalinist-Communist minority régimes with dictatorial powers supported by Moscow-trained and -directed secret police. This process Vice-Premier Moshe Pijade, an international authority on Marxism-Leninism, described to me as "Stalin's Trotzkyist deviationism"—the principle of dispensing with a revolution of the proletariat and substituting for it the installation by the bayonets of the Red Army of a set of chauvinist pan-Russian dictators camouflaged as national revolutionaries. Russia's new theory that in every country the proletariat should not attempt to seize power until another war has brought in the Red Army to stage-manage the show he characterised as a pure Stalinist counter-revolutionary doctrine. Until this autumn Yugoslavia was slow to proceed to open denunciation of Russia and her tactics, contenting herself with *ripostes* against the Cominform. Then the daily vituperations of Moscow Radio

—which, spluttering with ineffectual rage, has applied such silly epithets to Tito as “bandit, traitor, greedy ape, chattering parrot, deserter, coward, comedian and insolent dwarf”—convinced her that Russia has inscribed *Yugoslavia delenda est* on her banners and that it was necessary to go over to the counter-attack.

There is nothing funny for Goliath in this defiance by the Yugoslav David. Not only does Belgrade Radio now defend itself and attack Russian tyranny in all the languages of her Cominform neighbours and in German; its broadcasts, the Press and the speeches of political leaders now contain valuable ammunition for the more powerful opponents of Russian imperialism with which to bombard it on the ether. A little more attention paid to it by the B.B.C., coupled with a good deal more advertising of what Labour has done towards creating a Socialist “Welfare State” in Britain, would worry Moscow infinitely more than does the support given to fugitive former politicians from behind the Iron Curtain for whom the bell has definitely tolled. The Russian octopus knows that it is far from having digested all it has swallowed so voraciously. Evidence of panic is mounting behind the Iron Curtain. Hungary was the first to show she had lost her nerve in the farcical “trial” of the once all-powerful Minister of the Interior, Rajk, and other leading Communists. Since then the world has heard little of the terror in Hungary, but it continues unabated. Staunch Communists continue to vanish into the limbo of Andrassy Ut 60, the dreaded block of palatial villas where once Szallasy and his Arrow Cross fascist thugs and now the Communist secret police put their victims to the question. And, as in the other satellite States, they are mostly men who have risked or sacrificed all for the Communist cause. Practically all those who fought for Communism in the Spanish civil war are among the victims. There are old Communist leaders like Nicholas Szusz and George Kellner, Peter Mod (a 1919 vintage revolutionary), Paul Ignatus, the well-known author and until recently a virulent Communist propagandist at the Hungarian Legation in London) and George Palocz-Horvath, who threw up a good job with the B.B.C. in London to return to serve Communist Hungary. Thus is Communism, panicking at the example set by Tito, devouring all her children who have ever breathed the free air of Western Europe. Very few have vanished because of any real suspicions of complicity in a “spy plot.” Moscow, as Pijade said to me, has ceased to be guided by the principles of international Communism. Its policies are purely chauvinistic. Goering once said: “When I hear the word culture, I reach for my gun.” When Moscow hears the words “a Communist who has worked and suffered for the cause in the West” it reacts similarly.

The Rajk “trial” ended, the scared Moscovites started to lash about them with nervous fury in Prague. During September and October thousands of sincere and fanatical Communists, including hundreds of leading officials, were thrown into gaol. Among the latter were such fanatics as the violently anti-British Dr. Klinger, right-hand man of the Foreign Minister Clementis, and Dr. Kosta, a high official in the Ministry of Information. Reports that a witch hunt had started in the highest quarters and that either President Gottwald, Clementis, Nosek (Minister of the Interior) or Duřis (Minister of Agriculture) was to be the principal victim have not been justified—as yet. But all these men are spoken of fairly openly in Prague as “infected by the germs of Tito’s disease” (as, indeed, is Rakosi, inventor of that phrase,

in Hungary). Bulgaria, where discontent with Russian bullying is particularly evident, has already had to produce her Rajk in the person of Kostov, until recently Deputy Premier, whose trial, "confession" and execution are already overdue. His seventeen years in the Central Committee and Politbureau of the party will no more save him than the ten years he spent in prison because of his devotion to the cause. He is only one of a long list of Ministers and leading party officials to have been hurled from office into prison by the nervous Stalinists. In Rumania such idealistic Communists as Lucretiu Patrescanu—another man with a long pre-war prison record—have long ago vanished at the behest of the Kremlin.

In all the satellite countries overrun by the Red Army at the end of the war the Communists have always been in a minority—usually a very small minority. To-day they have against them the Socialist workers and the peasantry as well as, of course, the bourgeoisie and the religious. In consequence they are desperate men. As one of them, Zoltan Horvath, a renegade Socialist, said to me in Budapest in 1946: "You must understand that if we ever lost the backing of Moscow, we should hang in rows from all these lamp posts along the Danube promenade." Whether Horvath has already been hanged nobody knows, but six months ago the secret police took him off—because Hungary has the backing of Moscow. Of the Communist minority, the élite are those who looked to Russia to help them establish in each country the dictatorship of its proletariat; too late they realise that dictatorial powers are reserved for the Kremlin. In Russia, many Communists—cut off for thirty years from all contact with the outside world—sincerely try to reconcile Russian imperialism with Marxism-Leninism. In the satellite States, partially isolated for a couple of years only, there are very few such. So Moscow is forced to rely on a new "lackey class" and to extirpate the idealists whose "dangerous thoughts" led them to sacrifice everything to help build Communism in their respective countries.

That is why so many Yugoslavs and foreigners in Belgrade believe that Russia will try everything to extinguish the beacon which Tito has lighted for Communists throughout the world. In the West, especially in Italy, but also in France and Britain, it has been welcomed by the fellow-travellers, and is beginning to attract full party members. Although this is a less acute danger than what is happening behind the Iron Curtain (the Yugoslav Communists profess to believe that the cancer has started to grow in Communist China, and even in Russia itself), it is serious enough. When so reliable a supporter of Moscow as Zilliacus takes his stand with Tito, who can tell what Harry Pollitt and William Gallacher will do to-morrow should their eyes be opened as to what their own fate would be should Stalinism ever triumph in Britain? Yet what can Moscow do? The blockade, though hampering and serious, like the campaign of vituperation, has failed. Of what use to call Tito and his lieutenants "capitalist agents" when everyone can see them refusing every political concession to the West and pushing ahead with the Marxist-Leninism which they say Stalin has betrayed? Vishinsky's violent language at Lake Success was not followed by a blitzkrieg in September. Guerrilla invasions? There have been 300 frontier incidents in the last year, and, in summer, Russian divisions manœuvring along Yugoslavia's frontiers while Moscow Radio poured out daily incitements to revolt. It has all failed to produce the confidently expected internal disorders. What next?

There may be large-scale partisan invasions coinciding with the attempted assassination of Tito and other leaders. Western military opinion in Belgrade is that only a Bulgarian partisan invasion of Macedonia might cause Yugoslavia some trouble. But Bulgaria, especially her army, is torn with dissension, her partisan leaders mostly liquidated. Hungarians and Rumanians have neither the temperament, experience nor the terrain at their disposal for guerrilla warfare, their troops are unreliable and ill-equipped. None of the existing discontent in Yugoslavia with the Tito régime is of the type which could benefit Russia, and invasion would certainly cause many of Tito's internal enemies to join him in resisting the attempt to establish a foreign dictatorship. There is no fear of assassination among the leaders. Pijade's offices when I visited them had as external guards only a couple of young policemen. One of Moscow's most closely guarded secrets when I was there in 1939-40 was just where in the vast complex of buildings behind the walled city of the Kremlin Stalin lived, and in which of the half-dozen *datchyas* at his disposal around Moscow he slept in summer. Where Tito lives is no secret: for a few weeks in summer he is in Bled, otherwise in the comfortable villa where I have just seen him—No. 16 Roumanska Street, Belgrade. He had, of course, agreed to see me, but he knew nothing of me except that I was the correspondent of the British Labour organ. No one asked me to identify myself. At the gates of his villa—except for its high wall, much like many others in the street—an officer merely asked: "Are you Gedye, to see Tito?", and I was admitted to spend nearly an hour quite alone with this allegedly trembling tyrant. There was nothing to stop any Cominform agent worth his salt from impersonating me and riddling the genial Marshal with bullets; nobody could possibly have prevented me from doing so, unless, as is quite possible, Tito had proved quicker on the draw. Actually there was a case of innocent impersonation recently when Tito sent for a journalistic "Mr. Smith" who had asked to see him—and was interviewed by the wrong Mr. Smith, who had been told to his amazement and delight that Tito's car was outside the hotel waiting for him before he had been long enough in Belgrade even to ask to see Tito.

Many people here believe that Moscow will proceed to open military aggression in the spring. Belgrade, Zagreb and the northern plains would fall to the Red Army within from five to fourteen days. What Tito's tactics would be was clearly indicated during the worst Russian threats this summer. He built no frontier defences, but withdrew all troops some thirty miles from the border, where they stood ready to polish off any Cominform invaders or to delay the Red Army divisions while he took up his positions in the inaccessible mountains where he defied the Germans for four years. Merely to keep Tito and his ragged, weary, footsore and ill-armed partisans from cutting their communications with Greece forced the Germans to immobilise fifteen to twenty divisions for that period. How long would it take Russia to exterminate him and the Yugoslav regular army? Its strength probably does not exceed 300,000 men, the Russian blockade stopped its equipment with armour and heavy guns when this was only half completed and the Czechs did the same with transport and locomotives. Even so, it must be many times more efficient than the partisans, whose strength lay in their enthusiasm and complete contempt for life—and little else. This strength also remains.

Russia could not attempt the task with the four or five divisions

which are all she has in Europe beyond her own frontiers. However many divisions she decided to send in from Russia, to complete it would—in the opinion of non-Yugoslav military experts here—take her at least a year. This assumes, of course, that she would seek to localise the conflict and would therefore abstain from the use of atomic weapons—which incidentally would be less effective in the mountainous and forested wastes of Bosnia than anywhere else in Europe. And during that year, what would happen?

That all Russia's "peace propaganda" would go by the board would not greatly inconvenience the men who managed to explain away the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939 that left Hitler free to set the world ablaze. But how would the West take it? Britain especially, and in a lesser degree America, seem to be at pains to convince Tito that he could expect no help save military supplies. The argument is that a non-democratic régime like Tito's (which may one day form the basis of a new International of Communist Parties out to set up dictatorships of the proletariat and one-party States) is not worth the bones of a grenadier. Tito is at pains to make it clear that such a conflict could not be localised and to secure for Yugoslavia the support of every shade of democratic opinion throughout the world to offset the slavish obedience of the disciplined Stalinists on which Moscow can count.

For myself I do not believe that any capitalist pressure will induce Tito to abandon Marxist-Leninism. I am as convinced of the sincerity of his Communism as I am that no nation with firmly rooted democratic traditions—such as the Yugoslavs have never had—would tolerate his system under any conditions. But to put pressure on Tito to change it is the worst imaginable folly, since on his loyalty to it his life depends. His supporters claim that his "Independent Communism" leaves Yugoslavia free to trade with all countries who do not seek to impose political changes on her, or try to secure "concessions" which would mean the reintroduction of exploitation by foreign capital. Unlike Russia, they say, little Yugoslavia could not desire or attempt to impose her system on the rest of the world. Whatever view the democratic West may take of these arguments, I do not believe that it would look on impassively for twelve months while the Red Army established itself permanently where it has never yet set foot, on the shores of the Adriatic, preparatory to an early move into Italy, Austria and France. I believe that the West, however reluctantly, will finally decide that luckless Czechoslovakia must be for Stalin as, despite appeasement, it proved to be for Hitler, the last territorial acquisition to be obtained without a major armed conflict.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

Belgrade.

THE BEGINNING AT BONN.

WHEN in the spring of 1948 the Western Allies suggested the convocation of a German Constituent Assembly, the Socialists, at that time the strongest German party, raised objections to a democratic constitution made at the behest of a military government. They were willing to draft an "Administrative Statute" for Western Germany, enabling the Western Allies to run the three western zones as a unit. After some discussions the Constituent

Assembly was called "Parliamentary Council" and the Constitution "Basic Statute." In the Parliamentary Council two leading parties, the Socialists (S.P.D.) and the Christian Democrats (C.D.U.), were frequently at loggerheads. The Socialists wanted a fairly centralised federal government; the Christian Democrats, especially their Bavarian wing, a loose federalist régime. France and the United States favoured the latter, the French because they believed that a decentralised federal government would be weak—they forgot that the Germany which defeated them in 1870-1 was not even a loose federation—the Americans because they imagined that their own type of federation fitted everywhere. British Labour, realising that nationalisation by eleven independent member-State governments would be difficult, had sympathised with the Socialists. Finally a fairly reasonable compromise was reached. A Lower House, the Bundestag, with 402 members, was established; 60 per cent. of its members were elected in single member constituencies; the rest in accordance with the proportional strength of the parties. A President was to be elected by the Lower House and an equal number of delegates from the *Länder* diets. He was to propose a Chancellor, whose definite appointment depended on securing a majority in the Bundestag; he could be turned out by a vote of no-confidence, provided the hostile majority presented at the same time an alternative candidate. An Upper House (Bundesrat) of 46 members (at present) was formed, to which each of the eleven *Länder* governments deputed three to five representatives each, according to its population. On essential issues the consent of the Upper House had to be secured.

From the elections (August 14th, 1949) three major parties emerged. The Christian Democratic Union—with a Bavarian wing, the Christian Social Union—secured 139, the Socialists 131, and the Free Democratic Party 52 seats; 80 seats were split between seven minor parties; 78.5 per cent. of the electorate had voted, and the Communists had polled only 5.6 per cent. of all votes. But no party had a majority. The Socialists had expected to become the strongest party. Had they been right, a coalition between them and the Christian Democratic Party would have been inevitable. They lost the race by eight votes; as customary in German politics, the Communists had managed to weaken Labour at the decisive moment. The Christian Democrats, too, were a minority; even with the Free Democrats they lacked eleven votes for a majority. They might be joined by ten votes from the Centre Party, a kind of stepbrother, or by seventeen each from the Bavarians, or the German Party. The Centre, however, is leftish, and the Bavarians are irresponsible. Dr. Adenauer, the C.D. leader, decided immediately on a coalition of C.D.U. with the Democrats and the German Party, which had a majority of fourteen in a full house. It was a majority of the right, less by its composition (a large percentage of the Democrats are genuine Liberals, and the left wing of the Christian Democrats are advanced progressives), than by the personality of Dr. Adenauer. By temperament an authoritarian, he dislikes Socialism, not so much on account of its social tenets, but as an enemy of religion. Though the German Socialist Party has got rid of many Marxist immaturities and no longer considers it obligatory to attack religion, the issue over the control of education by Church or State remains; it cropped up in the Parliamentary Council. The leader of the Socialists Dr. Schumacher and Dr. Adenauer unfortunately clash. Dr. Adenauer is an experienced municipal administrator, not much

of an orator ; Dr. Schumacher, who has passed through the horrors of the concentration camp, is a great peoples' tribune.

The election campaign centred on planned or free economy. Nearly everybody was sick of the controls originally imposed by the Nazis. It was not so much the question whether or not they should be abolished, as when and to what degree. The Socialists stuck to their nationalisation programme and their creed of planned economics, though they realised the difficulties of nationalising industries which can only be reconstituted by large foreign investments. They counted on the support of the British Labour Government, not realising that raising French morale is more important to it than nationalisation in Germany. They have, moreover, to take stock of Communist rivalry. Unfortunately they had laid down the conditions for their joining a coalition before it was certain that they could not lead it. They would have found it hard to take them back, especially as their attacks had centred on Professor Erhard, the most effective exponent of a "free economy," whom the victorious Christian Democrats could not have dropped. Dr. Adenauer got them out of that impasse by never inviting their co-operation.

In normal times, when most issues are domestic, a coalition between parties fundamentally opposed to one another does not work well. In present-day Germany all issues are subordinate to the country's international status. This issue must be handled on a nation-wide, not on a party, basis. Dr. Adenauer may have been wise in asking for the co-operation of the nationalist-minded German Party, so as to make it co-responsible. To rebuff the Socialists, and to offer them instead of co-operation the rôle of an irresponsible critic, was hardly a proof of statesmanship.

The main achievement of the later phase of the Hohenzollern Empire and of the Weimar Republic had been the transformation of the Socialists from revolutionaries to reformers. They had become the arch-enemies of Bolshevism and had successfully blocked its western progress. Unlike their British contemporaries, who discovered scientific socialism only after the Bolsheviks had actually killed it, they no longer caper joyfully round Marxist totem poles. As the result of planning, Socialism nearly everywhere has dropped its international dreaminess and has become realistically national, for outside the nation's boundary the planners' writ does not run. The German Socialists still cherished the old international slogans, but there is great danger that they, too, might turn nationalist and evolve a "national socialism" of their own. There will be some improvements in Germany's relations with the Allies, who need a co-operative Germany, but they will fall short of German expectations. While this is but natural it will rouse resentment. The Socialist opposition can hardly resist exploiting it and holding the ruling coalition responsible for inadequate results after Dr. Adenauer had deliberately excluded it from responsibility for a bi-partisan policy.

The President had to select and propose a Chancellor, but the President had to be first elected by the Bundestag and the delegations from the eleven *Länder* diets. Dr. Adenauer had naturally taken matters in hand, and had nominated Professor Heuss, leader of the Free Democrats, a lifelong Liberal who enjoyed the confidence of all parties. But Dr. Adenauer had antagonised the Socialists, who proposed Dr. Schumacher. Heuss was elected only after a second ballot with a small majority, instead of unanimity, though a Socialist

had first suggested his candidature. The President's powers are limited; the makers of the Statute wanted to protect the Republic against encroachments of the Hindenburg type. Yet the President had the right to propose a Chancellor. He was not compelled to propose Dr. Adenauer; he might have selected another member of the Christian Democrats, the largest party, who would have been prepared to form a really strong coalition by including the Socialists. Dr. Adenauer acted as if he had already been entrusted with the formation of a cabinet. The Bundestag accepted him by a majority of one vote. He showed great adroitness in making it agree to Bonn, his home town, as capital of the Republic. There is not a single argument in favour of Bonn except its situation on the left bank of the Rhine, where it may be defensible after the rest of the Republic has been overrun by the Russians. Had the Bundestag, being well aware of public opinion, not taken a secret vote, Bonn would not have been chosen. The issue justified neither a threat of resignation on the part of Dr. Adenauer nor a secret vote.

Dr. Adenauer's government exhibits the customary features of a coalition cabinet. A few of his colleagues, Professor Erhard, Dr. Dehler, Dr. Heinemann and Dr. Schäffer had reached prominence before they took office; hardly a single Minister has adequate parliamentary experience. Dr. Adenauer himself had very little of it, since the Prussian Council of State over which he presided in the Weimar Republic was not a nursery of parliamentarians. The meetings of the Bundestag have so far not won fervent adherents to a young democracy. Its president, Dr. Köhler, is downright incompetent.

The Chancellor is his own Foreign Secretary. He has rightly recognised that Germany's future depends on co-operation with France, and that for the time being Germany's main task is to bolster up France's morale until she is ready to accept Germany's full recovery. There is no reason to call him anti-English, but he has no training and no experience in foreign affairs.

The Germans passionately desired the cessation of dismantling and Germany's reception in Western Union and in some international bodies. After having established a kind of "Dyarchy," the Allies were willing to talk. They know that Western Union without Germany is a house whose front is made of cardboard; they need in the near future a sovereign Germany with whom they can negotiate a peace treaty. The participation of Germany in the Ruhr Authority through which her industries can be controlled was particularly urgent: Germany so far had only delegated an observer. Dr. Adenauer very wisely availed himself of the Allies' willingness to negotiate. His main proposals might have been made by any German Government, though it may be questioned whether participation in the Ruhr Authority, which is extremely unpopular, was not too high a price for the cessation of dismantling, for which the United States were pressing anyhow.

But the Chancellor should have taken the leaders of the opposition into his confidence and discussed the issue with them. A Government which barely represents half the nation does not act wisely in pledging the future of its country without consulting the other half. The Socialist leaders might not have agreed to every proposal; and they would certainly have objected to the scheme of the Steel Union for Allied investments in the industry; being most inopportune it was ignored by the High Commission. The presence of a Socialist leader

would have strengthened Dr. Adenauer's hands in his meetings with the High Commissioners. Even if the Socialists had refused to join him, he would have benefited from their opposition ; it would have shown the difficulties he had to overcome. Instead of consulting the opposition discreetly, he announced his intentions from the housetops in an interview in *Die Zeit*. The opposition not unnaturally criticised a method which seemed to accept conditions such as membership of the Ruhr Authority and inclusion of the Saar in the Council of Europe as a separate unit before negotiations had started. Its criticism may have been exaggerated ; in any case the atmosphere became poisonous.

In these circumstances, the Chancellor may have been right in opposing a debate before meeting the High Commission. He was, moreover, undoubtedly justified in considering the Petersberg agreement a great step forward ; the opposition could hardly prove that he had paid too much for it : but he was ill-advised not to submit it for approval to the Bundestag, on the supposition that his personal signature was sufficient. He should have treated it as an act of State, not as a mere administrative agreement, even though Germany was not yet sovereign. Had the Allies objected, the world, not only Germany, would have denounced it as a travesty of democracy. His taunt in the ensuing debate that the Socialists preferred dismantling to making concessions about the Ruhr was extremely provocative. Unfortunately Dr. Schumacher's counter-blast was thoroughly unparliamentary. Carried away by his temperament he denounced Dr. Adenauer as "Chancellor of the Allies." Pandemonium broke loose ; the Speaker did not succeed in making him withdraw this highly objectionable phrase by insisting that the dignity of the house and the authority of the chair—not the honour of the Chancellor—demanded it. He called him to order, and when Dr. Schumacher remained obstinate, closed the sitting. The Council of Elders assembled and suspended Dr. Schumacher for twenty sittings. To exclude the leader of the opposition for such a long period from the house, whose constitutional rights he was defending—for the opposition construed Dr. Adenauer's procedure as a deliberate attempt at eliminating the Bundestag—showed that the Elders had not yet accumulated much parliamentary wisdom. The leader of a great political party ought to be able to voice his indignation in appropriate terms and not mistake the tribune for the soapbox. But no democratic régime can flourish when the head of the government tries to limit the scope of the popular assembly, and treats the opposition as Bismarck did in the years of his decline. Dr. Adenauer may have dictatorial inclinations ; much more likely he was afraid that the Bundestag would throw out his agreement. The incident has finally been settled by Dr. Adenauer acknowledging that the Socialists were justified in assuming that dismantling could have been stopped without participation in the Ruhr Authority, while the Socialists recognised that the Chancellor was entitled to the opposite view. In these circumstances Dr. Schumacher withdrew as "unwarranted" his designation of Dr. Adenauer as "Chancellor of the Allies." Dr. Adenauer's magnanimity in accepting this settlement has been extolled ; as far as the last stage of the conflict is concerned, he may deserve this compliment. But magnanimity is not an alternative to statesmanship. Dr. Adenauer is sure to recognise that praise by the Allies does not strengthen his position in Germany. He has more power in the House than any Chancellor since Bismarck, therefore his responsibilities are far greater

than those of the leader of the opposition. He has not given German democracy a good start, and unfortunately Dr. Schumacher has done nothing to correct his mistakes. There is danger that these clashes will continue to make Germany "a house divided against itself." Yet one must remember that twelve years of Hitlerism and four and a half years of military government could not prepare the ground for the rapid flowering of democracy.

M. J. BONN.

CHINA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

TO recognise or not to recognise the Communist Government of China is no longer a question for the Western Powers; the only question now is: When? Since their occupation of Tientsin and Peking in the middle of January 1949 the Communist armies had marched the whole length of China capturing city after city to take Canton on October 16th, and at the moment of writing have taken Chung-king and are pressing on Chêngtu, fourth and probably the last mainland refuge of the Kuomintang Government. Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable than the ease with which, between August and early October, they also overran the enormous north-western provinces of Kansu, Ninghsia, Sinkiang and Chinghai, where the war-like Mohammedans and the great difficulties of movement through wide spaces of desert could have offered a formidable resistance. Except in two provinces of the south-west—large in area but internally riddled with disaffection—the Communists are the undisputed masters of China. Of the K.M.T. Government nothing remains but the determined Chiang Kai-shek, who never really retired from the Presidency, as he appeared to do in January to open the way for peace negotiations, and still carries on a futile war from Formosa.

No tears need be shed for the K.M.T. It is an amazing thing that the same men who, in the half-dozen years before the Japanese invasion, did so much to give China an efficient government and to raise her prestige, should, since the war, have proved so incompetent and dishonest. For General Chiang Kai-shek there can be nothing but sorrow that one who was so undeniably great should have fallen so low. His evident conviction that the Communists demanded absolute power and would never compromise was proved right in April when the peace delegates, sent to Peking by Acting-President Li Tsung-jen, though ready to accept in principle Mao Tze-tung's eight terms, were met with a brutal three-days' ultimatum requiring unconditional surrender. What General Chiang could not or would not see was that the only hope of countering Communism was to sweep out the rotten administration of the K.M.T. and enforce all-round reform, despite the strong lead given him by the National Assembly in May 1948 and the material it offered for making a new start.

His penalty was that China turned against him and the K.M.T. together. Like any fallen dynasty in the past 3,600 years, they were felt to have exhausted the mandate of Heaven. Brilliant the Communists' leadership and fighting undoubtedly was; feeble and ill-planned that of their opponents. But the truth was that the Nationalist troops did not want to fight and surrendered by hundreds of thousands with all their lavish American arms and aeroplanes. The

most conspicuous example was that of General Fu Tso-yi, by far the best of the Nationalist leaders. It was indeed rumoured that Chiang was jealous of him and kept him short of supplies. The fact is that Fu Tso-yi surrendered Tientsin and Peking without a shot, and is now Minister of Water Conservancy and a member of the Military Council in the Communist Government.

The only active resistance to the Communists remaining is the blockade of Shanghai, kept up by Chiang Kai-shek from Formosa, whither he has transferred the remnants of his army, navy and air force and the Government's treasure. Officially the blockade began on June 25th, although the Blue Funnel *Anchises* had already twice been bombed and badly damaged at Shanghai. The British and American Governments refused to recognise the blockade, but until the autumn, when naval patrols from Hongkong were sent to protect British ships outside territorial waters, nothing was done and numerous British ships have been fired on, seized and held for varying periods in the Chusan islands. The unfortunate British merchants of Shanghai have suffered heavy losses, though the Communists have been clever in bringing in rice, coal, cotton and iron ore to keep local industry going. The worst feature of the blockade is the number of innocent people killed by Nationalist aeroplane bombing. One has no hesitation in denouncing the whole affair as utterly criminal and futile. Incidentally it illustrates the shortsightedness of the Communists in suppressing all correspondents of foreign newspapers. Had they not done so, independent reports of the bombing of Shanghai would undoubtedly have excited world-wide indignation.

On October 1st the Central People's Government of the People's Republic of China was proclaimed by the People's Political Consultative Conference in Peking, which regains both its old name and status as capital. Communists seem incurably addicted to wrapping up their institutions in clumsy, confusing titles, but the main features of the new Constitution are fairly clear. At the top is the Central People's Government Council, with one chairman (and who for that post but Mao Tze-tung ?), six vice-chairmen (of whom one is Dr. Sun Yat-sen's widow, the only member of "the Soong dynasty" who has been a life-long Communist), and fifty-six councillors. Next comes the State Administrative Council under a Premier, the polished and likeable Chou En-lai, descendant of many generations of mandarins. Lastly, the P.P.C.C. already mentioned, which will act in an advisory capacity until China is ready for a National Congress elected by universal suffrage.

The P.P.C.C. is composed of 636 delegates from forty-five different associations, many of which are not Communist, besides tribesmen and Chinese overseas. This fact has been stressed to prove the truly democratic nature of new China. Among the men in high position are Tsai Ting-kai, defender of Shanghai against Japan in 1932, and Li Chi-sen, formerly governor of Canton, both old antagonists of Chiang Kai-shek, but not Communists. And it is repeatedly emphasised that the new State is founded on the alliance of peasants, workers, petty bourgeois and "patriotic" capitalists (to distinguish them from "feudal" or K.M.T. capitalists), who must be not only tolerated but encouraged by being allowed their profits to use their brains for the benefit of China.

This may be accepted. Socialism has been ruled out by Liu Shao-Chi, second biggest figure after Mao Tze-tung, as "a thing of the rather far future"; and it is noticeable that in all their land reforms the Com-

munists have never tried to substitute large collective farms for small holdings ; even landlords are permitted, if they behave. But it is none the less clear that the Government is a Communist dictatorship. The Government Council is empowered to enact and interpret laws, make war and peace, approve or reject the Budget, annul or amend all decisions of the Administrative Council. It appoints and can dismiss the Premier and his colleagues in the State Administrative Council, all the Ministers of different Ministries and heads of minor official bodies, and—most significant of all—the Chief Justice and his fellow judges of the Supreme People's Court. The notion of the rule of law and of adjudicature that is not the obedient tool of the executive has no place in Communist theories of government.

A good deal of first-hand evidence of the Communists' behaviour towards foreigners is by now available, and it is unanimous that their attitude if distant is perfectly correct. Two unfortunate exceptions are those of the American Vice-Consul at Shanghai, Mr. Olive, arrested and held for three days for some accidental clash with a Communist parade ; and Mr. Angus Ward, United States Consul-General in Mukden, arrested on a charge of beating up a Chinese servant, tried in Peking, sentenced to six months' imprisonment and at once ignominiously deported. Otherwise foreign diplomats generally have no complaints of their treatment ; though they are kept at arm's length and officially regarded merely as foreign nationals. That there has, nevertheless, been some unofficial backstairs communication between them and Communist officials is pretty clear. The unfortunate affair of the *Amethyst* seems to be entirely forgotten. The Communists were actually relieved at her escape.

For the good conduct of the Red troops there is nothing but praise. Of the officials it is agreed that they are wholly free from the besetting sin of Asiatic officialdom—corruption ; they have shown remarkable efficiency in really big matters, such as relief work in the recent great floods in the Yangtze Valley ; and they are evidently anxious to learn. On the other hand, their taxation of foreign firms has been exorbitant—nominally income tax, actually a capital levy. They are, perhaps understandably, still very cock-a-hoop and above all intensely suspicious of "imperialism." With this, too, most of them are profoundly ignorant of world conditions and fully convinced that the working-classes of Britain and America would rise in support of them if they were not ground down by wicked capitalists.

One thing is clear. Whatever the Communists may become as the years pass under the soft, all-pervasive influence of 3,000 years of Chinese culture, they are to-day Communists through and through. Here and there they give quaint proof of the Chinese genius for compromise, as in the case of one British factory at Shanghai besieged by some ex-employees making the most extravagant and utterly unjustified demands. The Communist officials intervened, found for the factory at every point, and cleared out the rioters. But the factory was obliged to publish a statement that it was responsible for the trouble. Thus justice was done and Chinese "face" saved in the approved way. But such incidents do not affect the essential Marxism of the whole movement.

Peasants, factory hands and college students must attend regular classes in Marxism, and examinations are to be held in prescribed writings of Stalin and Mao Tze-tung. Artists and authors are assembled in solemn conference to learn how they must turn their inspiration to

the furtherance of Marxism-Leninism. The cinema industry is taken in hand: no more American films or the once popular native productions (which "have lined the pockets of the imperialists and poisoned the minds of the Chinese People"), but *The Revolutionary Struggle of the Chinese People*, *New Democratic Construction in China*, and *Aspects of the Life of Lenin*. The lamentable effect of Communism on the human mind could not be better shown than in this total eclipse of the divine Chinese sense of humour.

It is abundantly clear that the Communists' purview extends far beyond China. In November a monster conference of trade unions was held in Peking with delegates from Europe, Australia and all the Far East except Japan, which showed that Communist China will give all possible support to the Communist movement in South-east Asia. Every week the New China News Agency pours forth denunciation of the imperialists (now, one notes, including Pandit Nehru and the Indonesian Premier Dr. Hatta) for their persecution of comrades overseas. And every issue of the N.C.N.A. abounds in panegyrics of Stalin, "the great leader and teacher," and Sino-Soviet unity. Amid all this babel, however, certain hard points may be noted. In the Common Programme minutely defining the Communists' policy, which was published on the setting up of the Central Government, while everything savouring of imperialism, feudalism and the K.M.T. régime must be purged out, stress is laid on the preservation of private activities and property. The "basic principle" is to bring about "a prosperous economy"

through the policy of taking into account both public and private interests, benefits to both labour and capital, mutual aid between the city and the countryside, and the interflow of goods at home and between China and countries abroad . . . the People's Government shall encourage the *active operation of all private economic enterprises* beneficial to the national welfare.

And in the section on "Foreign Policy" we read:

The Central People's Government shall examine treaties and agreements concluded between the Kuomintang and foreign Governments, and recognise or abrogate, revise or renew them according to their contents . . . (it) may negotiate and establish diplomatic relations . . . with foreign Governments which sever relations with the Kuomintang and adopt a friendly attitude towards the People's Republic of China . . . (it) may restore and develop trading and commercial relations with foreign Governments *and people* on the basis of equality and mutual benefit.

The italics in the above are mine. In Tientsin, where the fanatics seem more dominant than in Shanghai, there is a tendency to concentrate business in State bureaux and to squeeze out British merchants. Against this, when diplomatic relations are resumed, the Common Programme could well be quoted.

Another feature in the Common Programme is worth notice. The second clause enjoins that "the Central People's Government . . . must liberate all the territory of China and accomplish the task of unifying China." How does this agree with the dominance of Manchuria secured by Russia in her possession of its railways and chief ports and with her monopoly of air transport and aerodromes in Sinkiang? These direct invasions of China's sovereignty—the only ones remaining since other Powers surrendered all their privileges and concessions in China in 1942—are discreetly ignored by the New

China News Agency, in which the control of the extreme pro-Russians is plainly uppermost. But there is good reason to believe that the Communists as a whole, especially the great generals, have not forgotten what Russian imperialism has always meant and still means to China, and that in particular Russia's plundering of all the Japanese machinery in Manchuria (to the tune of £181 million) is a bitter thought. There is no need to explain why these facts are very present in the minds of those who urge the early recognition of Communist China by Great Britain and their fear that the situation may go sour through delay.

The general invitation to all Powers for recognition issued by Chou En-lai, who is Foreign, as well as Prime, Minister, concurrently with the promulgation of the Central Government, has since been repeated in separate communications to each. The only indication of Great Britain's attitude so far was Mr. Bevin's statement in Parliament on November 16th that he thought it best to proceed in harmony with the Dominions and friendly Powers. The Washington conversations between Mr. Bevin and Mr. Acheson left Great Britain free to take her own line, though doubtless she would like to act jointly with America. But the positions of the two countries as regards China are now very different. The publication of Mr. Acheson's White Paper on China in August was singularly ill-timed, a blunder exposing the United States to be shot at both by rights and lefts; and on top of this all American consuls have been withdrawn and other Americans generally advised to quit China. Great Britain meanwhile has kept her mouth shut and her foot in the door: all her consuls remain *in situ*; her Ambassador stayed in Nanking for five months under the Communists without inconvenience and has since merely come home on leave; and British business men have been repeatedly encouraged to stay for the maintenance of the great British interests in China. The plain truth is that Great Britain has recovered her historic lead in China whenever she pleases to use it.

There can, of course, be no question of bargaining. If a new government shows that it is the effective government, acquiesced in by the people, and in a position to carry out international obligations, recognition is given or withheld, but no conditions can be attached; and it is certain that the Communists would not listen to any for a moment. There are many important matters which we wish to discuss with the Communists; there is the touch which we wish to maintain with the Chinese people as a whole, who cannot be shut off from the world as the land-locked Russians are. But none of these desiderata is attainable unless diplomatic relations are established. One cannot ignore that all foreigners in China, diplomats, missionaries, business men—and, it is reported, some of the smaller European States such as Sweden and Switzerland—are urgently in favour of early recognition of the Communist Government.

O. M. GREEN.

PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS IN ITALY.

ARE democracy and freedom actually consolidating in Italy, or is there any danger of a return to a dictatorship with the change of colour from black to red? This question causes the greatest concern not only to the Liberals, Republicans and Democratic Socialists, but also to the large number of Italians who do not belong

to any party and are tired of politics, and would like to see the country finding her way to the settlement of her economic and political problems. Signor De Gasperi has effected a noteworthy improvement both in the political and in the economic fortunes of the country, and he has shown great ability in steering the vessel through the stormy waters. Yet there are several grave dangers, commencing with the fact that the overwhelming victory of the Christian Democrats in the elections of April 1948 was mainly the result of the fear of leftist infiltrations. They secured votes from people who do not share the views of the party, but who dreaded the establishment of a communist régime. The Premier is quite aware of this, and for this reason insists upon maintaining in the Cabinet the representation of the Liberals, the Republicans and the Democratic Socialists, hoping thus to secure in new elections the support of voters who do not belong to his party. This would be true even if he did not have to face leftist sabotage which, by delaying the approval of laws in Parliament and Senate, by fomenting strikes and labour agitation, prevents economic reconstruction. There is deep uneasiness among every class of the population, from the capitalists and industrialists to the most humble workers.

Should Christian Democracy fail in its effort to face the leftist sabotage, and should public opinion at the next elections refuse to support the followers of Signor De Gasperi, what would be the result if there were no other important party except the communists? Their tactics have changed in the past few months, replacing the idea of violence and of the creation of an international communist community at the service of Moscow by the idea of peace, which might deceive a certain number of voters. This is the question which several leaders of the Liberals, the Republicans and Democratic Socialists have recently raised, insisting on the necessity for their representatives to leave the Cabinet and devote all their energy to the creation of a strong party which might succeed the Christian Democrats as the defenders of democracy and freedom. This idea is securing every day a larger number of supporters. The question is of actual interest, since the leftists have great hopes of the next municipal and regional elections in 1950; and there is no doubt that, if unhappily they should be successful, they would use their success to obtain new political elections in the hope of overthrowing the Christian Democratic Government by constitutional methods. That certain sections of the party are aware of such danger can be seen from the tendency of Signor Gronchi, Speaker of the Parliament, and his followers, to describe themselves as "Christian Democratic Socialists," hoping in this way to keep a way open for the voters of the left.

If the economic situation has greatly improved since 1945, things are far from being satisfactory. Unemployed peasants trying to get hold of uncultivated ground have clashed with the police in Calabria. The Government is taking steps to deal with agricultural unemployment in Southern Italy through the assignment of uncultivated ground, but, it is asked in many political and business quarters, was it necessary to wait for bloodshed to realise the needs of the South? Now that leftists have seen that riots are likely to obtain some satisfaction, will they not try it again and push their action to the bitter end?

These fears are not unfounded. There are too many economic problems awaiting settlement and causing disappointment. Among such unsettled questions there is the position of the engineering industry, including important concerns such as the Società Italiana Ernesto

Breda, the Ansaldo, etc., which are very short of orders. Their employees are paid monthly by the Government, which spends billions of lire to prevent political troubles. The result is that the money market has no longer faith in the future of the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale (I.R.I.), the chairman of which is said to have resigned from his position and is expected to take a position in private industry. The construction of new hydro-electric power plants to cover requirements, involving an investment of something like 1,100 billion lire, is held up between the idea of nationalisation, supported by the communists, and the necessity to lift the restrictions on prices and tariffs which prevent electric companies from securing the necessary financial resources from the sale of power. A law providing for a State contribution of 30 per cent. of the cost of merchant vessels totalling 230,000 tons was approved by the Parliament and the Senate in March 1949; but shipbuilding yards are still awaiting the orders, and many ship-owners are not prepared to build the projected tonnage owing to the new situation of the international maritime markets. In the Po Valley from 4,000 to 6,000 workers are awaiting, inactive, for the Government to alter the mining law in such a way to open the chance for investments of private capital in oil and gas research work, while the leftists, and even certain sections of the Christian Democrats, are insisting upon the necessity of reserving such work for a State monopoly. And exports have declined in consequence of the devaluation of the pound sterling.

Many other reforms are needed. The fiscal régime, according to a project worked out by the Minister for Finance, should be entirely reorganised to increase the State revenues and ensure a stricter collection of taxes. The investment of private capital in industry, agriculture and trade must be encouraged. Agricultural reform is required, affecting particularly the large properties in the South. The bureaucracy should be better paid. There are also the various unsettled political problems, such as the creation of regional governments, the return of Trieste and the colonies acquired before the Fascists came to power (in addition to entrusting to Italy the administration of Italian Somaliland), the strengthening of the Army and Navy within the Peace Treaty, etc.

If the average Italian realises that the great agitation which the leftists are raising about the colonies (they forget that in 1911 the Italian socialist party, led by Mussolini, was against the Italo-Turkish War which brought Italy to Libya) is exclusively with the object of creating difficulties for Signor De Gasperi, and if he understands that the delay of the settlement of many problems is caused by the placing of private over general interests, yet the "man in the street," who has nothing to live on but his salary, is greatly concerned in everything that might lead to an increase of unemployment, such as the crisis of exports in the textile field. Italy has been granted by Argentina for 1950 an import quota of yarns and fabrics which is only 50 per cent. of 1949, and the same thing has happened with Yugoslavia. Then there is the delay of the Government in carrying out public works such as the projected highways between West Italian ports and Turin, the electrification of certain railways, and in constructing the new tonnage provided by the law of March 1949. He is also anxious about everything which might lead to an increase of prices, such as the announcement of a new increase of railway tariffs, a new increase in the cost of electric light, gas, water, etc. Some large firms have announced

the dismissal of several thousands of workers in Milan, Genoa, Naples and other cities. The cost of living is rising, especially in rents, oil, fats, etc. Thus the leftists have a good field to secure supporters among the dissatisfied voters.

Outside support is needed to the efforts to create a new party, ready to take the place of the Christian Democrats in defence of democracy by preventing disappointment of public opinion in the international sphere, with particular reference to Trieste. If everybody agrees that the question can only be settled by an understanding with Yugoslavia, it is feared that the Western Powers in their effort to secure the support of Tito may forget their engagements with Italy; and in the emigration problem more is required than mere promises. Great Britain, it is emphasised, has, for example, worked out a scheme to develop certain Dominions and colonies, following what has already been done in Tanganyika, where it has opened the doors to Italian skilled labour. The United States talk about the necessity to develop Italian emigration and to help the depressed areas, but have not increased the immigration quota. They have simply offered Italy some ships to carry emigrants, forgetting that there is no need of transports if doors are not opened to emigrants. Finally France has concluded an emigration agreement with Italy, but until now no advance has been made. Should the Western Powers solve the question of the employment of the ever increasing Italian population, great progress would be realised towards the consolidation of democracy which would result from the increase of emigration, and the consequent easing of the situation of the industries which are compelled to pay labour even if they are inactive, and offering them also the chance of carrying out the technical reorganisation needed for the reduction of the cost of production, which is the key to the settlement of the development of exports. Leftists would thus lose one of the main items of their propaganda—the living requirements of the average man. The Christian Democrats have refused to meet the pressure of certain business quarters to devalue the lira, following the devaluation of the pound, while encouraging a technical reorganisation of industry with the object of decreasing the cost of production; but factories cannot well carry out this suggestion owing to the labour situation. The influence of the Vatican in domestic and foreign politics is not welcomed by all Italians, and this factor may affect the position of the Christian Democrats in public opinion.

ANTONIO GIORDANO.

Savona.

CELEBRITIES OF YESTERDAY.

UPON the appearance of every new volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* we may realise afresh that there is only one actual measure of British genius and character, and that is provided in the periodic catalogue of our losses by death. In the supplements of the past half-century the record has been kept by decades and a first response to the challenge of the latest volume, covering the 1930s,* may well be a query whether any other ten years of the modern age can have been equally opulent in personality and creative action. Nor is it easy to believe that when the time arrives the roll of honour

* *The Dictionary of National Biography*, 1931-40. Edited by L. G. Wickham Legg. Oxford. 50s.

for the 1940s will make a display comparable with this compendium of 730 brief lives. Moreover, almost every thoughtful reader must find himself putting anxious questions as to the national reservoir of intellectual and spiritual power. How, for instance, during the present transition of global revolution, can even the greatest country command the means for replacing so splendid a harvest of talent and positive achievement?

The careers that are here set forth cover all the categories of eminence; and if we were to begin with a glance back at the 1830s we should see how extraordinary has been the expansion of the modern world. One hundred years ago it could have been taken for granted that the realms in which distinction was to be attained were limited: governance and the fighting services, let us say; the Church and the Law, literature, the arts, and geographical exploration. Other great regions of adventure were unknown or hardly broken into. The sciences in the main were restricted to traditional lines of enquiry and discussion. The world of archæology, with its unending marvels of buried civilisations, was almost virgin territory. The plagues by which mankind is ravaged had yielded few of their secrets. Bacteriology was as yet unnamed. In the volume before us not a few of the most illustrious names are those of pioneers in the field of tropical and kindred disease. Again, there are the amazing conquests in communication and scientific industry. None of these came into view before the closing years of the nineteenth century; and it so happens that a considerable number of the men made famous by such triumphs remained active until 1931 or later.

It is, above all, the variety and energy of the work accomplished that the new addition to the *D.N.B.* proclaims. Nevertheless, an objector could assert that, with the possible exception of physical science, no one of the classified lists that form themselves can be said to contain even one name belonging to the highest order. This is certainly true as regards the statesmen and politicians, who are here in force, with Lord Grey of Fallodon undeniably in the lead. Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, as we should expect, finds in him an ideal subject for the historian and biographer. All the others, alike in their virtues and defects, and in their contradictions, reflect the strange actualities of British public affairs. Ramsay MacDonald has a cordial advocate in Lord Elton, and Neville Chamberlain in Mr. W. W. Hadley, editor of the *Sunday Times*. Austen Chamberlain is done by Sir Charles Petrie, and Arthur Henderson, no less appropriately, by his admiring biographer, Mrs. M. A. Hamilton, who writes also on George Lansbury. Philip Snowden has fallen to Mr. R. C. K. Ensor, who, in describing the engaging qualities of Augustine Birrell, had the collaboration of the late Lord Crewe. Three startling Irish contrasts are presented in Edward Carson, T. M. Healy, and Horace Plunkett—two implacable rebels over against one who stands out as an untiring co-operator devoted to the religion of public service.

It is not surprising that in a time such as the present ample space should be accorded to the military and naval commanders. Both Beatty and Jellicoe are here, together with Sir William Robertson, Allenby, Byng, Plumer, and Harington. The supremacy of science is acknowledged in the fullness of the monographs on Rutherford and J. J. Thomson, the first by Sir Henry Tizard, the second by Sir Owen Richardson. The many mansions of science are illuminated by a galaxy of names: Karl Pearson, J. S. Haldane, W. R. Sorley, Oliver

Lodge, Ronald Ross, Patrick Geddes, Havelock Ellis ; while there are probably at least fifty more deserving of honourable mention in any tolerably complete list of the men who have made original contributions to organised knowledge.

It is, however, when we come to literature and the arts that we are brought up against the most remarkable company of men and women whose careers were ended in this decade of extensive deprivation. We commonly think of the 1830s as being marked by not more than a few famous names—for instance, Sir Walter Scott and Coleridge, Hazlitt and Lamb, who died within the decade. A century is not a short period when considered in terms of literary fame. In the year 2050 how many of the following round dozen who are in the present volume will be remembered? Rudyard Kipling, G. K. Chesterton, J. M. Barrie, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, George Moore, Anthony Hope, John Buchan, A. E. Housman, W. B. Yeats, G. W. Russell ("A. E."), William Watson.

Putting aside Kipling and Chesterton, as men of letters moving with equal facility in prose and verse, we may remark the number and excellence of the poets who died within the decade, and the fact, of particular interest in view of the violent break made by their successors, that they were all content with the English metrical tradition. From Lascelles Abercrombie to Humbert Wolfe, they make a total of very nearly a score, and it would be accurate to say that quite half of that number were poets of genuine quality, seeming not long ago to be important. Present-day lovers of poetry could not easily be led to believe that the names at least of Kipling and Housman, Yeats and Chesterton, are not inscribed upon the roll of poets destined to endure. And, looking back, it is reasonable to ask whether, between the death of Byron and the death of Wordsworth, England possessed a group of poets worthy to stand beside those who were writing when the war ended in 1918.

So far I have made mention only of imaginative writers in the volume under review. The list of distinguished names in other departments of literature is most noteworthy. The historians include Charles Firth and H. A. L. Fisher, J. M. Robertson, Hay Fleming, and William Hunt. The last-named was a redoubtable contributor to the *D.N.B.* His articles numbered nearly 600. In criticism and literary history we have George Saintsbury and A. C. Bradley ; in general scholarship such noble masters of knowledge as C. H. Herford, D. S. Margoliouth, and Sir Frederick Pollock ; in ethics and social theory, Lowes Dickinson, J. A. Hobson, Graham Wallas ; in journalism, C. P. Scott, G. E. Buckle, Robert Donald.

It is noteworthy that while the leaders of religion are relatively few, with Bishop Gore by far the most influential, the Law is well represented: Buckmaster and Sumner, Darling, Avory, Carson and Sir Edward Clarke. Painting, music, and the drama make an effective showing: Orpen, Tonks, Lady Butler ; Elgar, Delius, Mackenzie, Melba, Clara Butt ; Pinero, Forbes-Robertson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Madge Kendal, Lady Gregory, Annie Horniman, Lilian Baylis.

There is a too common assumption that the conditions of modern society tend always towards uniformity and the steady elimination of those outbreaks of originality or extravagance which at all times have made the British a race of "characters." The *D.N.B.* continues to furnish evidence in plenty of national idiosyncrasy. Lawrence of Arabia and Cunninghame Graham may be cited as fine examples,

and as specimens of the other kind, Frank Harris, of the *Saturday Review*, and Horatio Bottomley.

In a biographical dictionary the manner of treatment, the style that is preferred or enjoined, is obviously a matter of high importance. Leslie Stephen sought to impose a severe pattern on his team. "No flowers, by request" was Canon Ainger's apt summary of the editorial instructions governing the first period. Stephen himself set an example of unadorned narrative and the plainest statement, with an ironic detachment when recording folly or pretence. He established one peculiarity which had the effect of impeding the flow. This was the practice of inserting, between brackets, the authority for any and every significant fact or rumour. A *D.N.B.* article was not an appreciation. It was understood that the personal judgment should not go beyond a brief summing up, although in any case of theory or conflict of evidence a critical analysis was expected. In the course of time, naturally enough, the rules have been generously relaxed and the Stephen formula has been abandoned. Indeed, the present editor holds a strikingly different conception of purpose and method, and it is manifest that he believes in allowing the utmost freedom to a trusted contributor. Hence the standard short memoir becomes something not greatly unlike a shortened form of the biographical essays (on Johnson, Goldsmith, etc.) that Macaulay wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The volume before us contains many brilliant examples of this, an essay form in which, one may safely say, the finest English writers of to-day have few equals and no superiors in the world. A selection can hardly escape being invidious, but the temptation is irresistible. The memoir of King George V is by Sir Owen Morshead the librarian of Windsor Castle. It fills twenty pages—a flowing chapter of history and interpretation. Dr. Trevelyan's masterly study of Grey I have already referred to. Dr. Gilbert Murray has three subjects—Galsworthy, Margoliouth, and H. A. L. Fisher. If his treatment of the first is not wholly satisfying, the simple reason is that it suffers by comparison with the perfection of the other two. In clearness and sympathetic judgment Mr. Swinnerton's Arnold Bennett could not be excelled. A. E. W. Mason's Barrie is detailed and admirable. The only fault, I think, that could be found in Mr. Ensor's exposition of Havelock Ellis is that the relationship with Olive Schreiner might be more precisely defined. Sir Alfred Zimmermann on Graham Wallas could have been improved only by a larger allotment. Professor Tawney brings out the special value of J. A. Hobson's contribution to social thought, and his article on Eileen Power, historian and university teacher, is a beautiful tribute. There are two important points that may be added to these notes, which are, of necessity, rough and deficient. The first is, that a work of reference covering men and women recently deceased must contain many judgments, particularly of ideas and literary execution, which the years will modify. And the second is that in a survey that is almost contemporary biography and eulogy cannot be separated. The most controversial figure emerges as a good citizen, and if he is a public man his motives are described as good and the results on the whole commendable.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

GREECE'S HOMELESS TENTH.

THE Greek Communist-inspired guerrilla war is virtually over, thanks to the magnificent victories of the Greek Nationalist Army, but let no one imagine that the agony of the Greek people, who have endured nine years of warfare and devastation, is at an end. There remains the vast refugee problem, with its thousands of shattered and broken families and broken hearts, of which one poignant aspect is the 26,000 children who have been torn from their parents and taken to the satellite countries, there to be indoctrinated with the virus of Communism, and taught to hate their classic and historic homeland. The gradual flowing back of the peasants to liberated villages in the frontier region and in the interior has not appreciably diminished a situation concerning which, in a memorandum sent to the Secretary-General of UNO by the Special Balkans Committee early in 1949, the plight of the Greek refugees was described as "a major humanitarian problem."

I have lately seen something of the misery of the refugees and grasped something of the magnitude of the resettlement task facing the Greek Government, and I am certain that the British people, preoccupied with their own economic difficulties, have only the barest idea of the grim reality and extent of this "peace-time" dilemma of the Greeks. American generosity and E.C.A. are doing everything possible to alleviate the suffering and provide for the immediate needs of the 700,000 refugees—nearly one-tenth of the entire population—but it is apparent to all foreign observers, as it is to the Greeks themselves, that the burden is one which should be borne by international funds, and not by the American and Greek taxpayers alone.

The Greek State and the Greek population, who have a very low standard of living compared with our own, are doing everything in their power to help the homeless and destitute Greeks who crowd the cities and larger towns, and in response to a recent appeal by King Paul all ranks of the Greek Army, who are poorly paid in comparison with the British Army, contributed one day's pay, whilst the Greek civil servants decided to contribute 3 per cent. of their salaries for a period of three months. Moreover, the King's appeal is expected to bring a generous response from Greeks living abroad, especially the million Greeks settled in the United States.

Even if King Paul's appeal were answered to the utmost, however, the various relief organisations attached to the United Nations are convinced that the result would be grossly inadequate. They have already reported that the problem "is far beyond the resources which Greece itself has, or which are available to it from any other source." Facts and figures bear this out only too plainly. The Americans have worked wonders in restoring Greek railroads, motor roads and bridges, even whilst the battle against Communism has been raging, but the rate of devastation wrought by the guerrillas at the same time has been appalling. Seven thousand villages have been laid in ruins, and the inhabitants have lost everything, including their homesteads. Thus, Mr. Stephen Stefanopoulos, Minister of Economic Co-ordination, has disclosed that the destruction inflicted by the bandits on the Greek economy down to the middle of October amounted to \$380 million or 85 per cent. of the total American aid (\$440 million) received up to July 1st, 1949. The position is grimly reflected in the statement of the American Ambassador to Greece, Mr. Henry Grady, who, announcing

that the Greek armed forces would be reduced by 50,000 men, said that expenditure had been so heavy that a Greek budget deficit of 2,000 billion drachmas (45,000 drachmas to the £ sterling) was threatened for the fiscal year 1950.

One extremely tragic feature of the refugee problem, from the point of view of the Greek economy, is that the bulk of these unfortunate victims of war are peasants, who constitute the backbone of Greek prosperity in normal times. There can be no quick revival of Greek agriculture—Greece's best granary is in Macedonia, which has suffered the worst ravages of the guerrilla warfare—until the peasantry are re-settled and re-equipped, for not only were their homes burned to the ground in thousands of cases but their agricultural implements, their cattle and their draught animals were carried off. From June, 1946, to March, 1949, 11,750 houses were either burned or demolished, 54 schools and 85 railway stations destroyed, 31,090 head of cattle, 1,253,580 sheep and 40,492 draught beasts taken away as loot. The Greeks are far from being ungrateful for the help received from Great Britain in the past, and from the American people to-day, but having, as they have a right to think, fought an unequal battle against Communism in the interests of the Western world as well as Greece, they would feel very bitter were they left to struggle with the colossal burden of the refugees by themselves.

In proportion to her size and resources, it has been freely admitted by Western statesmen that Greece sacrificed more in blood and wealth in the second world war than any other nation, not excluding Russia. The total bill of damage and loot attributed to the Germans, Italians, Bulgarians, and subsequently the Communist-led guerrillas is so astronomical that the Greeks have ceased to think of their losses in terms of money; they realise that, with the help of their great allies and their own sweat, they must build again from the ruins, as they did after the War of Independence more than a century ago. The figures of the refugee problem, great though they are, have more reality about them. On May 1st of last year the refugee population amounted to 158,558 families, comprising 706,092 men, women and children, whilst another 1,040,465 persons were officially classed as indigent. Greek family life, a holy and idealistic thing, has been torn and cruelly sundered by the war against the Axis and the civil strife. Apart from the 26,000 children carried off to satellite countries, there are 350,000 orphans, and many thousands of disabled adults add to the perplexities of Greece's welfare organisations.

Statistics give but a poor picture, however, of the physical misery and mental agony of this large section of the Greek race. The fact that the Welfare Department of the E.C.A. organisation in Greece was able to report by July 1st the total of refugees had fallen to 480,611, due to the clearing out of the rebels from many areas, and the return of many refugees to their villages, does not mean that the refugee problem is being rapidly solved. It means merely that the plight of the stricken peasants is being alleviated, and that for two months after returning to their homes they receive E.C.A. assistance to enable them to make a modest beginning in their rehabilitation.

But emergency issues of bread, blankets, clothing and medicines on a very limited scale do not solve the problem of the destitute refugees overnight. Thousands have returned to their villages to find that their homes no longer exist, let alone their farm stock and implements. They live in the ruins, or in improvised huts, leading a life of

the most primitive kind. Elsewhere, at the various centres established by the Government, large numbers are housed in public and private buildings, in tents and barracks, facing the rigours of winter with a brave spirit, but with physique in too many cases gravely undermined.

The memorandum sent to the United Nations stated: "Many of these people have had no meat for one or two years, and are living much below the minimum diet level." The conditions in which the refugees were sheltering were described as unsatisfactory, creating serious health problems. Tuberculosis is expected to increase greatly, according to the representative of the World Health Organisation. The Greek Government are greatly concerned lest the peasants who have returned to their villages, despairing of the effort to restore their farms with inadequate means, drift back to swell the numbers of refugees in the big towns and cities, throwing an unbearable burden on public funds.

The Americans and British on the spot are doing wonderful work in softening the hardships of the refugees—there are more refugees in Greece to-day than in the rest of Europe put together—but 1950 will hardly be "a year of opportunity" for Greece, to quote Mr. Henry Grady, U.S. Ambassador in Athens, unless these victims of war are effectively integrated into the Greek economy. Without the co-ordinated efforts of the peasants, applied to the tasks of winning grain, currants, olives and other produce from the soil—and bearing in mind that not more than two-fifths of the whole of Greece is cultivable—the roads, ports, railroads and airfields reconstructed by the Americans, rebuilt to carry normal commerce, would prove of little avail. With the vastly changed position as regards her merchant fleet, the bulk of which was lost in the war, Greece is compelled, like Great Britain, to turn more and more to agriculture as a source of feeding her people and earning foreign currency to pay for her many imports.

The war against Communism in Greece has been won from the military point of view, but it has always been recognised by discerning statesmen in the West that if this position had to be secured permanently, the moral and spiritual victory had to be reaped to the full. Communism thrives on economic distress and the social unrest resulting therefrom, and all the millions spent by Britain and America in Greece might be considered to have passed down the proverbial drain were the cry of Greece's "destitute tenth"—a very important "tenth" as we have noted—to go unheeded.

Greece will require the sympathy and support of Britain and America for many years yet in the reconstruction of her economy, and the innumerable British friends of Greece must have welcomed the recent statement of Mr. Mayhew, the Foreign Under Secretary, in the Commons recently, that Great Britain intended to continue to take the closest possible interest in Greece and in the welfare of her people. The assurance was given when questions were put regarding the withdrawal of the 3,000 British troops from Greece. The Greek refugee problem, however, is, as I have indicated, one which clearly calls for responsibility by UNO as a whole, and not by America and Great Britain alone, whatever these two Great Powers may do individually. After the Asia Minor disaster of 1921-22, when a million refugees poured over the Ægean Sea into Greece, following the collapse of the campaign against the Turks, the League of Nations made a loan which was equivalent to about £50 million at present-day values. The situation to-day is much worse than in 1922, because in those days following the

first world war, Greece was backed by a prosperous domestic agriculture and internal security. Greece, in fact, requires special and substantial assistance apart from E.R.P. and the help which comes from the International Monetary Fund and through other international organisations. America and Britain have given Greece the sinews of war to fight international Communism; in return Greece has given freely of the blood of her sons, ruined her economy, and has seen much of the country laid in waste.

With the general question of the refugees one must inevitably link the 26,000 children who are scattered throughout Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. The resettlement of the refugees cannot be said properly to have begun until the broken-up families have been restored, and these children, belonging to parents in the stricken villages, are brought home again. On October 14th, at Geneva, Red Cross societies of the Balkan countries agreed "to take action regarding the repatriation" of the Greek exiled children, but one wonders how far their efforts, with the exception of the 11,000 children in Yugoslavia, will succeed. The greatest international pressure will have to be brought to bear on Russia and her remaining satellites.

The moral danger to these children is a matter of concern to every civilised country outside the Iron Curtain. A vivid glimpse of what is happening to the young exiles was given by Madame Koula Zografou, who arrived in Paris by air from Prague, after being released by the Czechoslovak authorities as a result of diplomatic intervention. She described how she visited a camp where 3,000 Greek children were surrounded by barbed wire, and where they were daily lectured on the virtues of Russian Communism. They were compelled to address each other as "Comrade." In a camp at Bratislava the children wore Russian blouses, and were taught to sing Slav songs. So far as the refugee children inside Greece are concerned, Queen Frederika has given herself heart and soul to their welfare, which is directed by an organisation known as Pikpa, or Patriotikon Idryma. Each child receives meals containing at least 1,000 calories every day, but clothing is an urgent and widespread need, as it is not uncommon for mothers to wrap their babies in newspapers. What voluntary effort can do is exemplified at Eleusis, where a model health centre for children has been set up as a result of co-operation between Pikpa, the municipality of Eleusis, the British Save the Children Fund, and the Greek War Relief Society of Canada. "Children's Towns" are being established in and around the large cities for the care of the little ones. One of these "colonies" was founded in Athens on the suggestion of Lady Norton, wife of the British Ambassador; the Comtesse de Vaux St. Cyr, wife of the French Ambassador, and Mrs. John Nuveen, wife of the chief of the E.C.A. mission in Greece.

THOMAS ANTHEM.

THE CRISIS IN THE UNIVERSITY.*

THIS is an unusual book in several ways. It has been put together by Sir Walter Moberly, one of a like-minded group of university people who wrote recently a series of pamphlets on various university topics. The pamphlets, which were published as independent essays, each being complete in itself, reached a uniformly

* *The Crisis in the University.* By Sir Walter Moberly. S.C.M. Press. 15s.

high standard. Their point of view is Christian, not merely that their authors in fact are Christians but in the sense of a venture of missionary Christianity, mildly militant or militantly defensive, inside the universities. No author-editor, even the most skilful, can be expected to make a perfectly smooth, balanced, consistent book out of these materials. The reader is aware of changes of focus and pace and even of quality: the judicial temper seems to yield at times to summary expressions of partisanship or even prejudice. For a composite book the tenor is fairly evenly held. But not quite. It is not perfectly clear what the Christianity is which the group desires to foster in universities, and there are one or two references that seem to promise novelty. The frequent mention of "sub-Christian" suggests, however, a somewhat strict, severe, traditional-sacramental, or even esoteric view. It is certain, as Sir Walter says, that Christianity in this sense cannot now "integrate" the universities. It never did, or never in a worthwhile degree. In the centuries when established religion held showy sway in universities, their history reveals how shallow and unreal that sway was. Sir Walter uses Gray's *Elegy* as evidence of the piety of contemporary villagers. I wonder. There is some truth in the Scots rhyme:

The mystery o' history, O,
Is easy tae explain;
The ages ye ken naething o'
Were jist as ill's yer ain.

"The ages of faith lie behind" is a common but somewhat unhistorical dictum. They always did. Christianity may be allowed to be in crisis in England and elsewhere, and of course in universities. But, once again, it always was, beneath the speciousness of observance and conformity. If it is allowed that religion may be operative on the planes of instinct and sentiment, even if faint and feeble on the plane of intelligence, and if among the English instinct and sentiment are peculiarly operative in many important matters, it may be contended that this country, despite everything, is now more Christian and more effectively Christian than in the past. Below the plane of intelligence, in a misty warm region, there is probably more realisation than Sir Walter and the co-authors suspect that Christianity is the source of most of the goodness in the nation, that it is powerful at the bottom. What is at the bottom can never be warranted against rising to the top. What lay in the nation's depths vindicated the nation in 1940, as Sir Walter agrees. He wishes the nation to perpetuate that mood. But why should it? And how could it? It is not thus that great nations and deep forces work. There is value, and great value, in the range of what Sir Walter calls the "sub-Christian." He expresses frequently distress and even grievance because things fully and specifically Christian encounter apathy or antipathy in university organisation. A hostility of principle may be doubtful, though vexing accidents of opposition are not improbable. Sir Walter pins his faith to a "creative minority" of "full" Christians. His warnings against the temptations to dominance sound, for this minority, needless: variety tension and harmony of ingredients suit universities better than the dominance of any. But he is probably right. The men of God have been at least as liable, in the course of history, to the temptations of power as any others. It is this, doubtless, that prompts his call for "repentance," a rarity in books of policy.

The book opens with a telling analysis of the chaotic university in Britain, chaotic because the historical stages survive together alongside the most novel in unresolved rivalry. What universities are in their core of meaning and aim comes later, soberly expounded, under a sub-heading, "Special Academic Postulates." Between the start and the second start intervenes a veracious picture of how thoroughly the typical university has become a Many, and how little a One, whereas excellence and greatness in such an institution depend, according to Cardinal Newman, on unity. The universities in expanding have diversified and fragmented to the point of losing intuitions of their true nature and growth, and indeed the sense of through-and-through pulsing identity. The chaos is proof of the lack of a philosophical "control." Faculties, departments, sub-departments, solitary workers pursue their special aims, all the happier and all the more successful in one way from working in isolation. What the specialist teacher or researcher gains, if gain it is, he gets at the expense of the student, whose work and outlook and very manhood are correspondingly narrowed. When students lack points of intellectual contact, their society and conversation decline upon the less essential—games, gossip, the other sex, College politics, dubious "general" interests, etc., etc. The present tendencies flout the traditional idea of the 'Varsity man as an all-round type, sharing and serving some common phases of culture. Students whose minds are not in fruitful touch on serious topics do not constitute a university, no matter how outstanding their specialist or technical accomplishments may be. All this has become a commonplace inside and also outside universities. The nation has still a race-memory of the old type, and finds the new type disappointing and somewhat perplexing, and easiest to define, perhaps, in negatives.

If Christianity working on the lines of the co-authors cannot "integrate" the universities, or not for a long time to come, there are other candidates, for example "Scientific Humanism." The enthusiast is apt to think that what answers one question or one need, or an entire range of either, probably answers all questions and needs, or at any rate all that matter: and the achievements of modern science justify enthusiasm abundantly in the fold of the scientists and outside it. The assuring of bodily and material needs is a large part of human welfare. Science may suffice for these services without sufficing for salvation, which after all is an intractable and recurrent need. Security, housing, short hours, comfort and calories may work out disruptively and explosively: for "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." Sir Walter has no difficulty in refuting Professor Bernal in the dialectical sense. To cure the credulous multitude of its inflated expectations from science would be another matter. The multitude cannot be ignored, since for one thing its sons and daughters fill the universities. At this moment the glamour of science in fact largely "integrates" the universities.

The co-authors treat another candidate, "Classical Humanism," with off-hand brevity and apparent distaste. Plato and Aristotle, they admit, once helped to "integrate" the universities—but never again! Plato and Aristotle, the reader gathers, are detachment, luxury, aristocracy, and not practical politics. The multitude distrust them. But is it really so with the multitude? And if it is so now, must it so continue? The more democracy there is, the greater is the need for aristocracy. Perhaps the classicists have talked too much about Plato,

a tantalising figure of ironic speculative wisdom. In this scientific age Aristotle, clear, precise and conciliatory, might conceivably, if suitably used, win back interest and influence that Plato, not inconceivably, may have alienated. There will always be Platonists, and they of the best, but rather few. Aristotle, who for many centuries "integrated" Europe in royal style, might help to do it again for the universities. But the co-authors seem to be curiously adverse to the classical tradition in its old seats. "Oxbridge," they think, feeds too well, and write :

yet the question will not be silenced whether to do oneself well is not a little incongruous and anachronistic in a stricken world. It behoves Christians at least to ask themselves seriously how far they can combine the atmosphere of the High Table on a guest-night with the ethos of the New Testament. (p. 206.)

Is this egalitarianism or self-righteousness? Hosts like to put their best before their guests. And "Oxbridge" is surely not exempt from food regulations and ration-books. Still stranger is the remark (p. 168) on snobbishness :

the origin of this attitude is Hellenic, and it is a grave mistake for the Christian to adopt it.

The Greeks originated a great deal. But *everything*? Of the two humanisms the classical is by far the more substantial and formidable as a potential and indeed a proved integrator in culture. The truth is that not one but several concurrent influences are needed for the task. There is room for the "creative minority" of Christians and for the classicists, but none for disparagement between them.

More than half-way through, the book makes a third start on "Studies, Methods," etc., which the reader will find instructive. Technical problems abound in universities—how to teach without overteaching, how to guarantee and organise a modicum of general education for all specialists, how to give vocational education a humane background (very pertinent suggestions are made for this), how to examine, how to make appointments, how to constitute Halls of Residence, how to make colleges into communities, and so on. The private enlightenment of the universities suffices for these tasks without high politics or high philosophy. The universities have the root of co-operativeness in them, if not yet the full fruit. The book opens an engagingly intimate window on these matters for all who enjoy a judicious survey. There are some obvious points for criticism. It is admitted that some Halls of Residence are "without any cultural influence, their tone boorish and philistine, hostile to sensitiveness and originality." In such cases the cause may be the housing together of too many raw youths, and the cure smaller Halls. According to Sir Walter, Halls should number not less than seventy or more than 150. There is a world of difference between. In the university period the men are in general less mature by years than the women in several respects. The misfit, to call it so, is fairly discernible throughout the academic relationships. Still, students must be treated as men, hard as it is sometimes to do it without irony. The university period is doubly free—from the discipline of school and from adult responsibilities. This interregnum, happy and satisfying at the moment, looks different in the retrospect of years. I have not observed in students the widespread and acute feelings of disillusionment and insecurity which Sir Walter signalises, or much demand for a philosophy of life.

It is regrettable : these certainly should be their feelings. But students are part of a nation in which the high tide of confidence evoked by the war is very far from having subsided. The nation seems as impervious to the perils of peace as it was to the imminent threat of destruction in the war.

Sir Walter says many wise things about the love of power, the besetting evil of this age. The scientists' aim, power over nature "for the ultimate conquest of space, of disease and death," in Professor Bernal's soaring words, means in effect power over man the individual and man in the mass. Better for the universities, according to Sir Walter, that they at least should live in a regime of variety and tension consummated in halcyon days of harmony, and not in any dominance. Universities suffer by power whether developed within themselves or obtruded upon them from without. It is not for them to take on national leadership in the persons either of seniors or of juniors : harmful examples of both are familiar. On the other hand the relationship between the British universities and their paymaster the State is an example to the world, an example of co-operation almost on the level between unequals. No one knows it better or has served it more loyally than Sir Walter. This working model, on miniature scale, of an almost ideal plan the rest of the world, or at least the English-speaking parts of it, begin now to note and to copy. In recent years the universities have become "news." This book offers an almost confidential account of their doings and problems on a high plane of reflexion. It is an historical record of great value, and a "close-up."

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PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

ON June 4th, 1818, John Keats, fulfilling a promise to Marian and Sarah Jeffreys that he would send them "all the News," began his budget with a brief account of the recent conclave of City Fathers at the London Tavern "concerning St. Paul's cathedral its being washed clean." There were apparently several theories as to the cause of its sombre looks, and one Alderman produced three witnesses "to depose that they beheld the *çi-devant* fair Marble turn black on the tolling of the great Bell for the amiable and tea-table-lamented Princess." The fog which brooded grimly over London in November 1817 would be cause enough ; but the fable was symbolic. Seldom has such darkness fallen upon the English people as that which followed the death of their young Heiress Presumptive.

They were growing weary of large, raffish, elderly Princes, just as they had grown weary of a large, virtuous, ageing King and his diminutive but not less virtuous consort. In Princess Charlotte Spring seemed to be incarnate. Here were generous youth, wedded love and fair promise. Though it was the Whig party which counted with most confidence upon honour, office and emolument in the succeeding reign, no political demarcations divided the mass of her future subjects in relation to their future Queen. Leigh Hunt's Old Lady, raising her mittened hands in a transport of loyalty and calling the Princess "a fine young royal creature—Daughter of England," was voicing the sentiments of the greatest part of the nation.

From her babyhood Charlotte had been a focal point of family dissension ; during her girlhood, up to the time of her marriage with Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, she was enmeshed in a complicated web of intrigue—political, diplomatic and dynastic ; and her early death in childhood raised her brief story to the level of high tragedy. It is hardly surprising that several biographies (one of them exceedingly good) and a popular play and film should have been built round that vivid, pathetic central figure. Until quite recently the main outlines of the story were believed to be well, if not fully, known. Dr. Aspinall's three-volume edition of *The Letters of King George the Fourth* (1939) threw fresh light upon the Hesse scandal, upon the young Princess's relations with her father and mother, and upon the events preceding her marriage ; but the impression remained that she broke off her betrothal to the Hereditary Prince of the Netherlands because she found her fiancé repulsive, because she was reluctant to leave England (encouraged in this reluctance by her mother's Whig camarilla), and—most potent persuasion of all—because she had fallen in love with Leopold when he came to London with the Tsar in 1814. The suggestion that she was loth to leave her dear Mamma was, of course, just a clever trick of Brougham's.

Now, with the publication of *The Letters of the Princess Charlotte : 1811-1817*,* the accepted picture falls to pieces and a new one must be fitted together on different lines. Students of the Regency period have long been aware that there existed among Lord Lansdowne's family papers at Bowood a hoard of letters written by the Princess to her beloved friend, Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, and they have long hoped that these might some day be published. That hope is realised in the truly noble volume, "embellished" (the old term is the right one) with forty illustrations, many of them unfamiliar, e.g. the fine portrait of Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, and all of them interesting, though the sixth Duke of Devonshire would have been more to the purpose than his father, the fifth. With the aid of these voluminous, discursive, self-revealing letters we now see in their true perspective the background and the *dramatis personæ* of the final act in the tragedy. As the correspondence ceased in January 1817, no new light is thrown upon that last summer at Claremont, that brief epilogue :

When birds of calm sat brooding on the charmed wave.

Contrary to all tradition and belief, the Princess was at first quite pleased with her Dutch suitor ; nor was she appalled at the prospect of going abroad with him for a time, provided that the duration of her absence from England was decided by herself. She wrote cheerfully of seeing what she and her husband could do to make Holland "more Londonish and dandyish," and when Russian machinations joined with Whiggish propaganda to persuade her that she would put her crown in hazard if she quitted this country she accepted the suggestion with some regret. She had wanted to visit Paris, Berlin, Vienna ; she would have liked to see Tsar Alexander I as he had been depicted to her, handsome, elegant, surrounded in his own capital by contented and adoring subjects. As for Leopold, her first allusion to him (in July 1814) is that he must be a "mean-spirited and selfish wretch"—presumably on account of his long letter to the Regent explaining his conduct towards herself during his sojourn in London. She was indeed

* Edited by Dr. Arthur Aspinall. Home and Van Thal. £2 2s.

in love, though not with Leopold. Nine years later Miss Mercer Elphinstone (then Madame de Flahaut) so far abandoned her wonted reticence as to tell Charles Greville that the Princess had been for a time determined to marry a Prussian Prince "and no one else," but he calls this fortunate man "Augustus" and remarks that he was already married *de la main gauche*, whereas his name was Frederick and he was a bachelor. He was a nephew of King Frederick William III of Prussia, and, through his mother, a great-nephew of Queen Charlotte: "a fine-looking youth," commented Lady Charlotte Campbell. He was one year older than the Daughter of England, and neither of them was yet twenty.

They met by stealth, with the connivance of Miss Cornelia Knight; they exchanged portraits and rings, and, after he returned to Germany with his uncle, they corresponded fitfully and perilously for half a year. Then Frederick's letters grew less ardent, and by the end of 1814 it was clear that he would not stay the course. Charlotte, humiliated and despairing, turned to Leopold, of whose aspirations in her regard she was perfectly well aware. "A good-tempered man of good sense," with whom she could have a reasonable hope of being "less unhappy and comfortless" than she had been when single; such was her first opinion, and a little later she wrote that she was quite sure that were she to know him "for months" she would like him no better than she did then. Not until February 1816, when, after long (and probably calculated) delays on his side, he came to claim her hand did the image of the faithless Frederick begin to fade; but when the last year of her life began Leopold was supreme. Even her friendship with Mercer Elphinstone yielded to his influence and ceased to be, very much as his nephew Albert's growing ascendancy was to banish from the circle of his niece Queen Victoria another dominant, intrusive feminine force—that of Baroness Lehzen.

All these things are revealed in the Bowood letters, with incidental revelations hardly less interesting. It is now possible to study Charlotte at close range and from every angle. What manner of Queen would she have made? It was the custom in her early girlhood to compare her with Queen Elizabeth, but her bluff, boisterous bearing was suggestive rather of the popular idea of Henry VIII, and there was none of Elizabeth's subtlety in this impetuous girl, in whom much was Brunswick, little was Tudor and nothing was Stuart. Yet she had an intrepid spirit, a great capacity for affection, a vein of shrewdness that would probably have grown stronger as years passed, and an alert mind. One thing at least seems certain: in her reign men (and women) of letters would have found more active encouragement at court than they ever received at Queen Victoria's. That she should admire the poetry of Byron was natural enough—he was a friend of her friend, Mercer, and he appealed to the romantic streak in her; but she was also capable of appreciating *Sense and Sensibility*, recommended to her not—as might have been expected—by her father but by her uncle, the Duke of York.

For many years a legend persisted in the English Royal Family that Leopold had found Charlotte both intractable and imperious. His niece, Victoria, knew of it, and showed that she did. This did not please the King of the Belgians. His dignity, always very dear to him, was involved. The error must be eradicated from Victoria's mind, and he was at no small pains to eradicate it. Indeed he reverted anxiously to the subject more than once during their correspondence

in the years 1839-40. "Her pride," he wrote, "was to make me appear to my best advantage and even to display respect and obedience when I least wanted it from her." As to her manners, brusque at first, they were completely changed within a year, to the openly pronounced satisfaction of the Regent; but there was always "something generous and royal in her mind, which would have prevented her doing anything vulgar or ill-bred." It is curious and rather touching to see the sagacious and cynical "Nestor of Europe" growing gradually tender as he defends the memory of his dead bride. His own dignity is forgotten. "Grant always to that good and generous Charlotte, who sleeps already with her beautiful little boy so long where all will go to, an affectionate remembrance, and believe me, she deserves it"; when he wrote those words Leopold's heart was surely far from his palace at Brussels, as far as from the formal gardens at Laeken to the wooded slopes of Claremont.

If Charlotte had lived to be Queen of England his sagacity would have stood her in good stead; but there was, to quote his own words, "something noble and generous in her mind" which would have made it impossible for her to be a mere figurehead. The statecraft of her consort would have tempered her partisan violence, and she would have leaned upon his counsels rather as Victoria did upon Albert's, though not, perhaps, quite so blindly and so heavily. One feels that if she, like Leopold, had lived into the 1860's, she would have found Palmerston more congenial than either Gladstone or Disraeli. Looking back at her through this newly unshuttered window, there seems only one epitaph for Charlotte of Wales and of England:

She was likely, had she been put on
To have proved most royally.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

MAZZINI AND COMMUNISM.

IT was in 1847, in the *People's Journal*, that Mazzini wrote, "Only intelligence causes revolutions, and communism cannot reckon a single vigorous thinker in its ranks." It was in that same year that Karl Marx joined the Communist League, and a year later the Communist Manifesto was given to the world. By 1864 St. Martin's Hall, where Mazzini had expounded the principles of liberal democracy to his London Working Men's Association, had become a centre for Marx's rival Association, and some of Mazzini's and Garibaldi's adjutants had been drawn in. Presently Marx was complaining that resolutions "obviously botched up by Mazzini" were being introduced in committee—"and you will know without my telling you in what sort of spirit and what kind of phraseology." Apparently also these unsolicited resolutions were further "botched up" with irrelevant interpolations about "the principle of Nationality," "dragged in," as Marx said, "by the ears." Henceforth for Marx Mazzini was "that everlasting old ass," and Mazzini found Marx "a man of acute but dissolvent genius, domineering in temper, jealous of the influence of others, and with more of anger in his heart, albeit righteous anger, than of love." By 1870 Mazzini was concentrating his waning powers (he died in 1872) upon "saving our working classes from the International and other evils."

Both men were revolutionary to the core, but the revolutions they

envisaged were incompatible. For Mazzini the European Question was fundamentally human, and therefore moral and religious; for Marx it was fundamentally economic. For Mazzini history was the record of the God-guided movement of the spirit of man toward a goal beyond the boundaries of time; for Marx it meant the dialectic of forces, mainly material and impersonal, making for a classless economic order. For Mazzini political, social and economic democracy was a means to the liberation of the human spirit for the accomplishment of a divinely appointed mission; for Marx the establishment of the Communist system and order was an end in itself.

No doubt there was something peculiarly irritating to a man of Marx's type in Mazzini's "inspired" and rhetorical style and his addiction to the language of moral uplift. What (to the future author of *Das Kapital*) were these Mazzinian effusions about "the dignity of man's immortal soul" and a "universal moral law" but the rhetoric of a *bourgeois* preacher? And "I shall never forget," wrote Carl Schurz, who knew both men, "the scornful tone in which Marx uttered the word 'bourgeois' as if he were spewing it out of his mouth." Mazzini, who disliked the epithet, might have retorted that Marx, for all his contempt for the *bourgeoisie*, was building his own entire system upon the most vulgar of all *bourgeois* fallacies—the notion that everything can be reduced to economic terms. But the two men lived in different worlds. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Mazzini was obsessed with politics and indifferent to the economic question. Political revolution—the organisation of power favourable to popular reform—was for him no more than a necessary condition for the *social* revolution, and he warned his Italians that the economic question was for them the riddle of the Sphinx—they must solve it or risk being devoured. He looked forward to what he regarded as the "most beautiful" revolution of modern times as something consequent upon the political victories of democracy in Europe—the gradual elimination of all the barriers of arbitrary and hereditary privilege and the union of labour and capital in the hands of "one sole class, the People." Moreover he understood that, by reason of the growing complexity of commerce and finance, which knew no national boundaries, the task could be accomplished only on an international basis—that is, through the autonomous union of the democratic states.

As a thorough-going personalist, as a believer in the Kantian faith of "God, freedom, immortality" and the primacy of Duty under the moral law, Mazzini was committed, in all his political and social thinking, to the voluntarist principle. For him the democratic revolution was nothing if not a moral and religious movement, springing, as he would say, from the soul of the people and not merely from the "human kitchen." But a moral and religious movement must be voluntarist, for morality presupposes personal liberty. Therefore the revolution could never be worked out by means of a hard-and-fast system created and imposed by an intellectual *élite*; it must mean, rather, the progressive outworking through the people, by popular constitutional consent, of a system neither hard nor fast but adaptable to the changing needs of society, the growing life of the world. The function of an *élite* was to educate and guide the democratic movement, never to impose and enforce a system of its own.

The same considerations committed him to what he termed the principle of Nationality. And here his attitude has been misunderstood: for it is commonly believed that he was an advocate and

pioneer of what we know as nationalism. In fact, he was bitterly opposed to it. He believed in *nationality*, but the distinction between nationality and nationalism, like the distinction between individuality and individualism, was for him fundamental. The former masters of Europe, he would declare, were careful to foster the race-hatreds which kept the peoples apart, and so doing they "changed the sacred principle of Nationality into a mean nationalism." In short, Mazzini's doctrine of Nationality was the exact opposite of the popular doctrine of nationalism. The one doctrine said, "We are nations, and therefore members one of another in the great human family of which each individual nation is a unit." The other doctrine said, "We are nations, and therefore, by reason of our sacred egoism and conflicting interests, we are one another's natural rivals and potential enemies." For Mazzini, Nationality had no function apart from the organisation of the life of humanity.

If democracy did not mean the clamping down of a fixed system upon the broad territories of Europe but meant the opening up of a way of life, a method of progress for the peoples and by their active consent, then (as he contended) the national populations were the proper units for the great enterprise. The way, the only way, to an international democracy was through the nations, and the United States of Europe must mean the voluntary and autonomous union of the democratic *peoples* of Europe. On the other hand, the internationalism of Marxist Communism was, paradoxically, an internationalism without nations at all. In the Marxist view, the nations as such were obsolete and functionless survivals which the Communist system could afford to ignore. And here, at any rate, in his recognition of the vitality of the national principle, Mazzini seems to have been more realistic than his great adversary.

In 1847, in his *People's Journal* article, Mazzini traces the beginnings of modern Communism (the movement had not yet earned a capital C) to the now forgotten and quasi-religious cult, St. Simonianism. Its founder, Count Claude Henri Saint-Simon (1760-1825), had fought in the American War and returned to France with ideas for the perfecting of civilisation. Christianity he regarded as moribund, but he was persuaded that the empowerments of religion were necessary for any enduring transformation of society. Indeed industry should itself be transformed into a sort of hierarchical *ecclesia* in which scientists should take the place of priests and religion itself should rest upon a foundation of positive empirical knowledge. Granted this, society should be reorganised (according to Saint-Simon) on the basis of Labour, and to this end all workers should be urged to unite and put themselves, in their own interests, under the system. After his death, Saint-Simon's followers were organised into a free-love community under a certain "Père" Enfantin, while the social philosophy of the movement was taken over by Comte, reappearing as the philosophy of Positivism and the "Religion of Humanity."

It is interesting to see that Mazzini was not deceived by the religious *façade* of St. Simonianism. It was, as he says, a religion of this world only, and therefore powerless to transform the world; it recognised only temporal interests and temporal happiness, and owed more than it liked to acknowledge to Benthamite utilitarianism. In short, he saw modern Communism as, from the first, the religion of materialism. On the other hand, he already detected in the movement the elements of a perverted apocalypticism—the delusive vision of a complete break

with the social tradition of the past and of a Communist world in which all things, including man himself, were made new. It was as if, he said, Communists would echo the vain boast of Fourier and cry, "We have destroyed twenty ages of political imbecility!" They forgot, he warned them, that "we are here below to *continue* humanity, and not to create it"—humanity that desires to go on its own feet and with full knowledge of all it does; that we may transform the world by improving it, but not by making it *de novo*: "that belongs to One who takes not counsel with the Utopists."

But it was, supremely, the Communist idolatry of a system which Mazzini fastened upon, just as Kierkegaard, about the same time, attacked the intellectual idolatry of the Hegelian system—and for much the same reason: for both men were concerned to defend the menaced freedom of the human spirit against the tyranny of an impersonal and de-personalising dialectical Process. In this case, Mazzini argues, the materialist, setting himself to the task of reconstructing society, is faced at the outset with a dilemma. Either he must give priority to the principle of personal liberty, or he must give it to the principle of collective well-being. If he makes personal liberty fundamental, then his materialist creed forces him to interpret it as liberty for the pursuit of temporal interests and happiness; and this means, logically, the disintegration of society into an aggregation of self-seeking egoists. If he makes collective well-being the first necessity, then the same creed forces him to sacrifice liberty to the material interests and temporal well-being of society as a whole; and this means, in one form or another, the servile State. "Either therefore the association must be voluntary, and will gradually dissolve, or it must be compulsory, and will constitute an immense slavery." Communism, he says, makes the second choice. The interests and well-being of society assume absolute primacy, and the democratic principle of government *through* all is discarded for the hierarchical or despotic principle of government *for* all.

But also, he argues, the temptation assumes a more subtle form. Starting from the principle, *the good of all*, and interpreting it in terms of material interests and temporal enjoyment, Communism by degrees substitutes *itself* for the principle, and "the good of all" comes to mean that mankind must be framed within the fixed limits of the Communist order and reduced to the routine of a colony of ants.

Tyranny! It is at the root and at the end of Communism and pervades it throughout. . . . It is the life of the convent without the religious faith. It is the serfdom of the Middle Ages without the hope of one's redeeming oneself. . . .

The best among Communists defend the sacrifice of liberty, he recognises, by extolling the virtue of self-devotion: to which he replies, "Devotion to whom?" Did they not impose the sacrifice upon all? Or was it that there was, after all, a caste of masters and a caste of servants? But the idea of "devotedness" was, he adds, a sort of fatality, haunting the souls of all who, in their social philosophy, interpret the good of life in terms of material interest and happiness and "deny the sentiment of the infinite." For them, devotion was at once indispensable and meaningless.

It is only, he argues, as the problem of existence, individual and social, is religiously conceived that the dilemma is overcome. "To find a centre for all the many interests we must rise to a region above

them all." We can "elevate man only by elevating Man"—that is, by raising the conception of human life itself. And the common end of man, seen from the elevation of that universal moral law which religious faith acknowledges, can never be defined in terms of material interests and temporal enjoyment; it can mean nothing less than the progress of all through all in truth and love, through an ascending series of existences. By this one sovereign aim the clash of contending interests, the conflict between the individual and the group, are overruled; for it is an aim which calls for the association of all without denying the freedom and dignity of any. Moreover, the problem of government is no longer that of defining and fixing a *system* of social existence but that of providing and preserving a *method* by which the progress of life can best be maintained. So that not Democracy itself, nor yet Liberty, can be conceived as an *end*, but only as a means, an instrument, of progress: something therefore neither good nor evil in itself, but capable of working good or evil according to the uses to which it is put.

No doubt to the modern mind all this must seem doctrinaire and strangely remote from practical issues; it is certainly an unfamiliar idiom in politics. Yet it is well to remember that this was the kind of political appeal which created "Young Italy," and which carried Mazzini to the head of the Roman Republic of 1849—two years after the *People's Journal* article was written. And in his old age, the greatest of the veteran revolutionaries of his time, we find him addressing his Italian working men in the same language and with the same conviction.

Many among those to whom our words are more expressly addressed believe in God, or profess to do so. Have they never thought—if this belief is within them as a profound reality and not a mere lip-avowal—of the logical consequences involved? Have they never considered that if God is, there necessarily exists between Him and His creation a Thought, a providential Design?—that there exists alike for the individual life and for Humanity a place, a purpose, an end?—that there exists for us all, for individuals and for society, a holy absolute duty to co-operate for its fulfilment?—that an *end*, whatever it be, assigned to Humanity, has need, for its attainment, of the united energies of all the faculties and powers, active or latent, in Humanity itself?—that gradually to achieve and constitute through Association the moral unity of the human family is the indispensable means of ascending to that end?—that hence the progressive elimination of all caste, of all artificial distinctions, and, within the limits of the possible, all the inequalities that tend to separate men from one another and hinder their concordant activity—that all this is part of that providential design? Herein exists the reason for our movement, its justification, the certainty of its victory. And herein should also exist for us all, Catholic or Protestant, Christian or non-Christian—for all of us who believe in God—that sense of reverence and love for the unemancipated classes which to-day are knocking at the portals of the civilised world.

At the same time he warned the middle and upper classes that if the democratic revolution was restricted to the political sphere, then the working class, alienated by neglect and oppression, would "rally to watchwords of wrath and revenge and to the subversive ideas already rampant," and thus the Labour movement in Europe would "advance not as a fertilising river but as a devastating flood." Already in 1847, however, he was complaining that the Communists with their subversive doctrines were themselves dividing the forces of liberalism

and drawing down unmerited accusations upon the democratic movement. In the stress of the later years he bitterly accused the French Socialists and the Marxists of sabotaging the liberal revolution, forcing the middle classes into the camp of the reactionaries, and thus committing Europe to a new era of oppression. Such in the main was Mazzini's controversy with the Communists, and we may feel that his criticisms have not been refuted by time and events. At any rate we are to-day better able than were Mazzini's contemporaries in 1847 to judge whether or not tyranny is "at the root and at the end" of materialistic Communism and "pervades it throughout," and whether its effect upon Europe would not be to recruit and consolidate the forces of reaction and provoke a counter-revolution no less tyrannical than its own. After all, the Marxist revolution under Lenin was not so effective in establishing a social Utopia in Eastern Europe as in evoking Fascist totalitarianism and terror in the West. Unfamiliar, then, as Mazzini's idiom may be to our disillusioned generation, his is still a voice to be heard and heeded. It may be a portent that last June a national monument to him was unveiled in Rome and that, while the Fascist symbols and the royal Dukes of Savoy have disappeared from Italian postage stamps, the head of the Genoese prophet appears as an emblem of Italy. It may even be true, as Professor Raffaele Foà has recently suggested, that whereas the earlier course of the popular movement in Europe proceeded from Mazzini to Marx, the later course will be from Marx to Mazzini. And if so, it will not be a retrogression. To-day, certainly, the Mazzinian dream of a European Union of free and autonomous democratic States seems more realistic than the Marxist international Utopia.

GWILYM O. GRIFFITH.

DOSTOEVSKY AND HUMOUR.

"**O**F all my reserves of strength and energy there is nothing left save a vague uneasiness of soul, a state bordering on despair. Bitterness and indecision—a mood foreign to me. And then I'm utterly alone. Yet I always have the feeling that I am going to begin to live! Ridiculous, isn't it? The cat and its nine lives?" This extract from a letter to Baron Alexander Wrangel was written by Dostoevsky from the depths of misery. He had lost his wife and brother within the space of a few months, and he felt himself utterly deserted. Yet the vitality that had sustained him throughout those agonising years in Siberia soon asserted itself, and came to his rescue. There was, in Dostoevsky, a resilience and a buoyancy that enabled him to surmount the cruellest knocks of fate, and he gave vent to this zest for life in the humour we find interspersed throughout his novels.

It is, indeed, strange how critics have tended to neglect the humorous aspects of Dostoevsky's art. Even two such penetrating and sympathetic interpreters of Dostoevsky as M. Gide and Mr. Powys tell us very little about his humour. And yet what a fund of whimsical, delirious gaiety do we come across in each one of Dostoevsky's great novels! What a masterful and all-embracing novelist he is! Not content with presenting us with powerful and passionate characters, and stimulating us with religious, philosophical and socio-political disquisitions, he proceeds to round off his art by sketching scenes so

weirdly humorous that we are left marvelling at the flexibility of this brooding genius's mind.

We find, chiefly, two types of humour in Dostoevsky's novels: the humour of character, and the humour of the delirious and the grotesque. Each of the great novels is strewn with examples of these two predominant aspects of his humour. There is, moreover, a whimsical side to many of Dostoevsky's heroes, and they surprise us with theatrical outbursts when we least expect them to do so. There is a fine example of such behaviour in *Crime and Punishment*. Dounia Romanovna and her mother go to visit Raskolnikov. The conversation turns on Looshin, Dounia's vulgar fiancé. Dounia hopes to discuss Looshin and her forthcoming wedding seriously with her brother, but Raskolnikov despises Looshin and is utterly opposed to the marriage. He suddenly turns on his sister and says, "Dounia, I told Looshin just now that I was going to kick him downstairs, and I wished the devil might take him." Needless to say, both Dounia and her mother are horror-struck. In *The Idiot* Dostoevsky draws two characters who keep us continually amused: Lizavetta Prokofyevna Epanchin, and the old General Ivolgin. Whenever the tension in the novel tends to become unbearable, Lizavetta Prokofyevna and General Ivolgin come to our rescue. Mme. Epanchin's whole attitude to Myshkin is one of amused and bewildered condescension. She recognises Myshkin's nobility—shrewd and masterful woman that she is—but she loves to poke subtle fun at him. The whole of the great scene, when Myshkin first presents himself in the Epanchin household, abounds in humorous interludes. There we find related the story of the ass, the noble creature that so pleased our simple prince in Switzerland. The Epanchin girls burst out laughing when they hear of the almost mystical significance this ass has come to have for Myshkin. Mme. Epanchin is also vastly amused by the story, but does her best to remain dignified. Adelaide Epanchin sympathises with Myshkin, and says it must be very difficult to relate offhand one's impressions of a foreign tour. Whereupon Lizavetta Prokofyevna remarks, "But the prince will think of something, for he is extremely clever—at least ten times as clever as you are, very likely twelve. . . . Prove it to them, prince, go on. You really can pass over the ass now. What did you see abroad besides the ass?" Sly wit! The humour unconsciously diffused by General Ivolgin is of a broad and hearty type. All that remains in the world for this likeable old man to enjoy are the pleasures of his heroic daydreams. He is at his most inspired when he is recounting to Myshkin his favourite story of how he—a mere lad of ten—attracted Napoleon's attention in Moscow in 1812, and how the Emperor eventually appointed him a page in the imperial entourage. What delights us is the old man's absolute conviction of the truth of the yarn he is reeling off so neatly. And what a touching regard for detail! "I only remember that when the Emperor went into the first room he stopped before the portrait of the Empress Catharine, looked at it a long time thoughtfully, and at last pronounced: 'That was a great Woman'!"

In *The Possessed* we find characters verging on caricature. Dostoevsky could be merciless when he wanted to. Stepan Trofimovitch is lampooned as a well-meaning but supine liberal of the old school. The poor man goes around in abject terror of Varvara Petrovna, who delights in twiddling him round her little finger. There is always an undercurrent of gentle irony running through the writing

when Varvara Petrovna and Stepan Trofimovitch are together. But Dostoevsky reserves his bitterest shafts for Karaminzov—the sycophantic admirer of all things Western. Karaminzov is a merciless caricature of Turgenev whose Western European outlook on life Dostoevsky despised so much. We have a strange mixture of the pathetic and the humorous in the great scene at the Charity Ball when Karaminzov, entirely carried away by the sense of his own importance, goes on declaiming his silly little poem “*Merci*” unendingly. We laugh at this self-opinionated man, but at the same time we feel an intense pity for him. Humour and pathos are very frequently mingled in Dostoevsky’s art—an interesting reflection on his own make-up.

Dostoevsky remains the greatest master and exponent of delirium in literature. His most memorable scenes are those where a group of his characters, usually intoxicated, get together and pour out their passionate natures to each other. These scenes are intensely powerful and gripping but they have a grim humour about them. We have in *Crime and Punishment* a perfect illustration of the grotesque, pure and undiluted. The death of her husband staggers Catherine Ivanovna and deranges her mind. This fact is duly reported to Raskolnikov, a friend of the deceased: “What do you think? She has positively done as she said she would, and has started off with her children! . . . She is beating a frying-pan, and her children are dancing to the tune! Poor things, they are all in tears. They hang about in public places and shops, and a lot of gabies are following them about!” We are then made direct witnesses of the scene: “Wearing a wretched straw hat—dressed in her old gown, over which she had thrown a shawl, bandana fashion—Catherine Ivanovna justified but too well Lebeziatnikoff’s statements. . . . She rushed towards her children, scolded them severely, and then, in the presence of everyone, busied herself with their choreographic and musical education—reminded them why they had to dance and sing, and then, grieved to find them so wanting in intelligence, set about beating them. These proceedings she interrupted by addressing the public.” What a spectacle! Dostoevsky delights in painting for us the impassioned and unrestrained Slav temperament. He understood that it was an essential feature of the Russian character, and was not ashamed to give it prominence in his novels. His most successful venture into the realm of delirium occurs in *The Idiot*. The description Dostoevsky gives us of the happenings at Nastasya Filippovna’s party is surely amongst the most vivid and gripping in all novel-literature. One can hardly describe the occasion as a party: it is a nightmare. Nastasya Filippovna’s house is broken into by Rogozhin and his drunken friends, who proceed to behave in an outrageous manner. Nastasya Filippovna herself tells us the sordid details of how, earlier on in the day, Rogozhin was bidding for her with his hundred thousand roubles. This episode is followed by the announcement that Myshkin has inherited a fortune, and is determined to marry Nastasya. Thereupon Nastasya raves, Myshkin raves, and Rogozhin raves the loudest. By now, Nastasya is so carried away by herself that she determines to show her contempt for the hundred thousand roubles, and flings the whole packet into the fire. The effect is electrifying. Her guests are dumbfounded and pronounce her mad. But the unfortunate Rogozhin is so infatuated by her that he exclaims, “That’s like a queen! . . . that’s style! . . . which of you pickpockets would do a thing like that, eh?”

All the passion and magic of Dostoevsky’s art have gone into the

naking of Nastasya Filippovna. How we hate her, yet how bewitching he is! Only Nastasya Filippovna could take hours to dress and make up for her wedding, and then leave the groom stranded and run away from the altar. The wedding of Myshkin and Nastasya that never takes place is one of the most moving and memorable moments in the whole of Dostoevsky. But Dostoevsky simply cannot resist the temptation of a humorous aside: "When Myshkin asked Lebedyev why he had invited the Doctor, 'a man he hardly knew,' the latter replied complacently: 'an order on his breast, a man who is respected, for the style of the thing!'"

In *The Brothers Karamazov* Dostoevsky gives full rein to his comic genius. Fyodor Pavlovitch Karamazov is his most successful essay in buffoonery. A passionate and magnetic creature if ever there was one! His behaviour in Father Zossima's cell is scandalous—and delightful! The naïve disdain with which he looks upon both the sanctity of the monastery and the holiness of Father Zossima's person leaves us aghast. And the drivel he lets loose! Poor Alyosha is mortified; the monks, of course, have never experienced anything like it. Then, to crown his ignoble performance, Fyodor Pavlovitch turns to Father Zossima and says, "Great Elder, speak. Do I annoy you by my vivacity?" The only other person who can equal the old man's performances is his eldest son, Dmitri. Dmitri is always in a warm and ecstatic mood when he is with Grushenka enjoying one of his famous orgies outside the town. He roars, he drinks, he distributes largesse, makes love to the country girls and teases the life out of Grushenka's Polish admirers. The whole scene is phantasmagoric, but the songs and the laughter are infectious, and we finally succumb to the buoyant spell Dmitri casts over us.

One of the most astonishing chapters in *The Brothers Karamazov* is the one entitled "The Devil. Ivan's Nightmare." The projection of the baser side of a man's nature on to the plane of reality is a favourite device with Dostoevsky. Ivan Karamazov suffers the most painful anguish in his deliberations with his conscience. He is quite convinced that the guilt for his father's murder rests with him. But these doleful thoughts do not prevent Ivan and his Devil from sparring with each other. There is a likeable and roguish side to Ivan's Devil, and he delights in teasing poor Ivan. The Devil, for instance, adopts a positively Shavian attitude on the subject of medical quackery. "... I assure you, now there are only specialists and they all advertise in the newspapers. If anything is wrong with your nose, they send you to Paris: there, they say, is a European specialist who cures noses. If you go to Paris, he'll look at your nose; I can only cure your right nostril, he'll tell you, for I don't cure the left nostril, that's not my speciality, but go to Vienna, there there's a specialist who will cure your left nostril. What are you to do? I fell back on popular remedies. . . ." An oasis of humour in the midst of terrifying self-torment. Such is the kind of gaiety that we find in this greatest and most powerful of all tragic novelists. Dostoevsky was not a conscious humorist in the sense that Dickens undoubtedly was, but he had a fully developed personality, and he could not remain unaware of the lighter side of life. Above all, he was boundlessly generous and good-hearted, and such men always have a twinkle in their eye.

HOMI J. VAKEEL.

CHAMPAGNE.

HAVING chanced to mention that I wished to see the Abbey of Hautvillers, Monsieur Sabbe, of Moët et Chandon, sends for his chauffeur and invites me to come with him. In a trice we are through the village and on the low hill where that ancient building stands. Below and all about us stretch mile upon mile of vineyards, saturated with the noonday sun. There stands the village of Cumières and there Champillon; and the Marne and Marne Canal rejoice the eye with the glitter of water. We walk in the green alley-way of trees planted cloister-fashion where in old times the monks would foregather to rest or refresh themselves in the lime-sweet air. And, bordering upon these fresh cloisters is the park with its venerable trees, vibrant, despite the great heat of the sun, with countless singing-birds.

The Abbey of Hautvillers is the cradle of the wines of Champagne, and as we stroll through the park my host speaks of the great age of the monastery, which is certainly astonishing. Space unfortunately permits but a few details. Its founder was St. Nivard, nephew of the "Good King Dagobert," who is familiar to small French folk through the medium of nursery-rhymes. The saint died A.D. 638. The abbey was ravaged by the invading Normans; one tends to forget that these marauders had invaded France long before they turned their attention to England. In the course of the Hundred Years War, in 1449, our English soldiers burned the reconstituted abbey; and in 1544, Francis the First of France burned Epernay, firing the countryside everywhere about, including the monks' vineyards, in a desperate attempt to starve out the Imperialists under Charles V: scorched earth, it seems, is no new policy. Though not destroyed this time, the abbey was pillaged. In 1562, however, it was once more burned; this time by the Huguenots during the Wars of Religion. And always, with sublime patience, the monks rebuilt and re-embellished, and the vine-dressers trudged to their patient toil, and the scars on earth's face were healed. The French Revolution brought the abbey's eleven centuries of history to a close. The laws of 1789 and 1790 called for the sale of all goods belonging to the Church; and in 1791, the monks quitted their abbey perforce, never to return. Three years later Pierre-Gabriel Chandon-Moët, son-in-law and colleague of Jean-Rémy Moët, a Mayor of Epernay who was created Officer of the Legion of Honour by Napoleon, undertook the restoration of the now ruinous abbey, a task which his sons and grandchildren brought to completion.

The best champagne is produced almost exclusively in this Marne district, the northern boundary of which is the Mountain of Rheims, the southern, Brie. Through the shadowy glades of the mountain, they tell me, the wild boar was still hunted at the outbreak of the first world war. A glance at the map will show the general dispositions of the wine country. Its principal centres are Rheims, Epernay, Ay and Châlons. Mareuil, Avize and Mailly also house well-known firms. On the slopes of the mountain lie Verzenay, Verzy and Mailly. Between the mountain and the Marne Valley are Bouzy and Ambonnay. Ay, with the villages of Mareuil, Dizy, Hautvillers and Cumières, holds the centre of the valley. To the south of the Marne lies the Côte des Blancs: the "slope of the white grapes," for it is in this region that they are grown. Cramant and Avize, Oger and Le Mesnil lie hereabouts, and yet farther south are the slopes of Vertus, where black grapes reappear. Contrary to popular belief, this golden wine is made,

for the most part, from black grapes. But why, it may be asked, do not these famous names appear upon the labels of our champagne bottles? The answer is that champagne is a blended wine, in which the growths of the three districts, the Mountain of Rheims, the Marne Valley and the Côte des Blancs are all represented in varying proportions. This is why champagne labels never proclaim the name of a special vineyard, parish or château—as is the case with claret or burgundy—but that of the actual shipper who is responsible for the blending of different wines into one. A word now as to the grapes. The vine on the Mountain of Rheims and in the Marne Valley is the Black Pinot and the Pinot Meunier, both yielding purple grapes. The only grape grown on the Côte des Blancs is the White Pinot Chardonnay.

Monsieur Sabbe now runs me back to the factory of Moët et Chandon which stands on the outskirts of Epernay. During the second world war German shells ploughed up the vineyards, and trenches for defence were driven through them. Three of the directors of the firm were arrested by the Gestapo and imprisoned, two being deported to Germany. The firm was sequestered, fined, and the management was taken over by the enemy. Fortunately no explosion was of sufficient force to break through into the cellars, which are both deep and well built. My host's reception-room gives upon a *jardin anglais* in which wild nature has been subjected to a process of elusive refinement. One crosses the lily-pond by a rustic bridge, constructed from the trunks of small trees from which the bark has not been stripped. A natural landscape stands in the same relation to this "English garden" as a country wench milking a cow does to their representation in Chelsea china. The garden is well kept and charming. On the reception-room walls hang portraits of the ancestors. There is the Jean-Rémy Moët who reconstituted the ruined Abbey of Hautvillers. And there is Pierre-Gabriel Chandon de Briailles, whom we also mentioned above, a friend of Lamartine, the poet. It was Pierre-Gabriel who conducted Napoleon upon a tour of the cellars where the marks of the monks' pick-axes are yet to be seen, the Imperial party being lighted by serving-men bearing candelabra. It goes without saying that to-day every square inch of these bin- and barrel-lined corridors is rendered bright as day with electric light.

I take the opportunity which he so readily allows me of plying Monsieur Sabbe with questions. Let me digest my recollections into such order as I can. I gather for instance that one reason for the excellence of the Champagne grapes is the preponderance of chalk in the soil, for chalk absorbs the sun's heat by day, and gives it back in gentle warmth by night. Work in the vineyards begins in February, with the pruning away of the old wood to prepare the plants for new sprouts. This process is generally carried out by the same women who cut off the branches which bore the grapes the previous year. Only one of these branches is preserved, and this is cut short. Pruning is followed by digging-in. Each vine plant is buried, and only the shortened branch which has been left by the pruner is allowed to emerge above the soil. After digging-in, wooden props are driven into the ground to which, as it grows, the vine will be tied with straw. These props stand about a yard above the ground, and the growing shoot will be cut down to a corresponding height. All field-work is warfare; except perhaps for a short spell in mid-winter, the moment never arrives when the vine-dresser can throw down his tools—as sculptor and painter can the chisel and brush—and say: "This is

excellent ; now I can turn my thoughts to other matters." The soil about the vines requires constant hoeing. And there are pests peculiar to the vine which must be watched for with vigilance. There is *oidium*, for example, a species of parasitic fungus. And there is mildew ; and these require much powdering with sulphur, and spraying with a solution in which copper-sulphate predominates. (And more especially in Burgundy, snails arrive in their legions to eat the tender leaves, those *escargots de Bourgoyne* which are punished for their gluttony by being eaten.)

Towards the end of September the whole vine-country presents a scene of animation. The grape-pickers arrive with their families, for the work requires many hands and brooks no delay. The grapes must be picked when they are in the perfection of their ripeness. Every defective grape is first cut off. And now the pickers fill innumerable baskets with the gold or purple clusters. The baskets are hoisted into long light carts constructed with especially soft springs lest the delicate cargoes should be crushed by jolting. And now, harnessed tandem-fashion by two or threes, the patient horses—those allies of man who too often receive scant thanks for their labours—drag the spoils of the vineyards to the press-houses. Inside these, in the welcome cool, stand the rows of presses ; and there are vats and barrels in plenty to receive the juice. The great presses are in motion day and night, for the French countryman is a stubborn worker, and thousands of barrels of the juice are rushed away along good modern roads, and by modern motor-lorries, to the merchants' houses.

The fermentation is already beginning, and the *must* is swirling and hissing in full effervescence. But little by little, everything calms down, and a miracle has been accomplished : what was grape-juice is now wine. The "ferments" become quiescent. The wine is limpid. This is the time when the managers taste, and blend in huge vats the *cuvées* which will be bottled later. In spring a small quantity of sugar candy is added to the wine to facilitate its second and milder fermentation ; for wine is a living organism, and the "ferments," which have only slept through the winter, are at work again, transforming the sugar naturally present in the grape into alcohol and carbonic acid gas : it being this last, of course, which gives champagne its characteristic sparkle. When the *Chef de Cave* has made up his *cuvées*, and when the wine in them has been tested, bottled, securely corked, lowered into cool cellars and stacked there, it is left alone until it has completed its second fermentation and become sparkling. By this time it has thrown a sediment which must be cleared out of the bottle with the least possible loss of wine and carbonic acid gas. This is done by causing the sediment to slide down upon the inside face of the cork, the bottle being gradually tilted from its original horizontal position until it is standing vertically upon its head. The neck of the bottle, with all the sediment adhering to it, is now subjected to a freezing process, when the cork is expertly withdrawn with a lump of frozen wine, which also contains some sediment congealed into it. The sediment is now out and the wine in the bottle is crystal-clear. More or less *liqueur d'expédition*—mostly sugar and brandy—is added to the wine to make good the loss ; the sugar to sweeten it, and the brandy to prevent any further fermentation.

Monsieur Sabbe talks to me of Dom Pérignon, the local hero, who lived at the abbey and held the office of cellarer. He was born in the reign of our Charles I, and died in that of the first of our Georges. His

innovations in the then process of champagne-making were twofold. It was the first to practise the system of *cuvées*, by which, as we have seen, the produce of several vineyards are blended, so that one perfect wine shall possess the respective excellences of several, and excel in *force* and *bouquet*. The Dom's second innovation was his use of corks of fine Spanish bark for stoppering. The older bottle-stoppers of flax, wood, and the like never fitted with sufficient exactitude to imprison that volatile thing the carbonic acid gas. It was the Cellarer of Hautvillers who first, with his corks, devised the Solomon's Seal that confined the brisk fugitive genie to his bottle. It had been easy for us English to import corks by sea, and—as Monsieur André Simon reminds me—Rosalind mentions corks in *As You Like It*—but to bring them by the land route so far as to the champagne country, through provinces differing one from another in customs, manners, dialects, over vile roads, and through forests often swarming with banditti, was a very different matter. But as a Benedictine Dom Pérignon made contact with the brothers of his order in Spain. Goodwill can accomplish miracles. And one way or another, the feat was accomplished.

In 1932, the anniversary of the Cellarer's discovery of the way to obtain the *mousse* by corking, a grand banquet was served. There were representatives of the Church, politics, art, diplomacy, and letters. Amongst the hosts were the Archbishop of Rheims; amongst the guests, the Bishop of Guildford. The company were served in the abbey park, seated beneath mossy boughs and with singing-birds for minstrels, like Shakespeare's banished Duke and his Court in the forest of Arden. But there, I doubt, all resemblance between them ends, for the cooks of Hautvillers did not have to ring the changes upon venison, and the waters of the "running brook" were left untroubled except by the fish. After speeches in his honour, a bas-relief of Dom Pérignon was unveiled in the cloisters of his reconstituted abbey. The tribute was deserved. Many inventors discover ways of destroying life. Dom Pérignon found one of preserving it, and giving it brilliance and sparkle.

Our Charles II was an enthusiast for champagne, and said of it, "It is a blessing!" The exquisite Marquise de Pompadour declared, "Champagne is the only wine that a woman can drink and remain beautiful." She need not have troubled. If the men were drinking too, the women would still have seemed beautiful. But two men did more to impose champagne as a fashionable necessity upon the *beau monde* than any of their predecessors, the Prince Regent and Beau Brummell. Our reputation stood high in the world then, and our "Quality" actually represented quality. Faultlessly but never oppressively dressed, endowed with wit, manliness, and consummate self-assurance, the Beau created for himself the position of "Dictator of Taste" to Europe. My host shows me the old order books of that day. Almost every notability of the Regency figures in them. A certain Maître Christie, Chargé des Caves du Prince Régent, requires a healthy consignment of bottles. In June 1811 Benois, Maître d'hôtel du Prince Régent, places an order for 2,000 bottles, part of which are to be despatched to Brighton, to the Pavilion. One recalls Byron:

Shut up: no, *not* the King but the Pavilion,
Else it will cost us all another million!

The poet could not foresee that the expense of supporting the Regent would appear microscopic when compared with even the least of the myriad ministries of the "brave new world." Besides, he was exces-

sively picturesque. And they all place orders for champagne: the Dukes of Clarence and Cambridge, "le Comte de Derby, Le duc of Norfolk, and Lord Churchill. . . ."

When we think of the past history of this country, two ages leap present themselves before the mental eye; that of Shakespeare, and that of rotund rakish George and the elegant Beau. Men who drink water pass and are forgotten. The Regency endures:

"But why the Regency, Sir? Why the Regency?"

"Egad, Sir! because they drank champagne."

KENNETH HARE.

MARGUERITE OF ANGOULÊME, 1492-1549.

MARGUERITE of Angoulême, Duchess of Alençon and Queen of Navarre—the fourth centenary of whose death occurred last year—was not seldom, in her troubled life of fifty-odd years, drawn to the brink of that quagmire of vice and folly in which her adored King and brother, François I, so frequently and joyously wallowed. Her devout admirers, playing on the meaning of her musical baptismal name, loved to call her "La Perle des Princesses." But the lustre of the Pearl was not invariably so bright as it might have been, if that uncritical cult of the royal brother, that passionate persistent loyalty to a more or less worthless idol, had not occasionally cast a shadow across it. Fortunately, the capacity for loving overmuch is not only an endearing weakness in a human character, but also, to some degree, a source of peculiar strength and a passport to immortality. Among the more lurid, more virile personalities of her time and environment, the sweet sincere sensitive personality of Marguerite makes an intimate appeal to modern imagination and stakes a claim to modern sympathies quite beyond their reach.

The elder of the two children of Charles, Count of Orleans, and Louise, Princess of Savoy, Marguerite was born in April 1492 (the same fateful year, by the way, in which Columbus set sail for the New World!) in her father's ancient château in the little south-western township of Angoulême. Count Charles, whose imprudent part in one of the numerous rebellions of chronically rebellious Brittany had lost him Court favour, had perforce retired to live a quiet life on his own lands and his young wife—though, later, to show herself the most restless and ambitious of women!—seemed, for the time, content to live it with him. He was not perhaps quite so estimable a character as one of Marguerite's charitable biographers would have us believe. His household included a lady who had formerly been his mistress, as well as two or three of his acknowledged offspring. But he appears to have been amiable and humane and the marriage, until cut short by his untimely death of a low fever, to have been a reasonably happy one.

His girl-widow was left with two small children to bring up—Marguerite, aged two, and François, a baby in arms. To both of them the young Countess proved a kind and conscientious parent. Though Marguerite's sex had been at first a disappointment to her, and her high hopes and forward-looking thoughts were now centred chiefly on her son and his rather remote chances of coming to the throne of France, she appreciated her daughter's outstanding intelligence and had her carefully and lavishly educated. Marguerite grew up into

slender, graceful girl, gay yet demure, light-hearted yet pensive. Year after year, in the quietude of her mother's dower-house at Morantín, she lived with and in her books; pursuing her studies in Latin, Greek and perhaps Hebrew and, at a very early age, beginning to manifest that intense interest in religion, that love of divinity which was to last her till her life's end.

In all these erudite pursuits she was most capably aided and abetted by her *gouvernante*, Madame de Chatillon. This lady, who was one of the distinguished "blue stockings" of the time, was distinguished into the bargain for her advanced opinions, her flair for the new ideas about ecclesiastical corruption and religious reform which were then in the air and had captivated many restless intellects. It was even said of her that she carried her unorthodox principles so far as to contract a secret marriage with a prince of the Church, with Cardinal Bellay who was the friend and patron of Rabelais. But this typical sensational detail is as likely as not to be a piece of wishful thinking" on the part of the contemporary scandal-fans, and Madame's unorthodoxy was probably only an affair of theory. In any rate, considerable sympathy and affection plainly existed between her and her pupil, for when, at seventeen, Marguerite was given in marriage to the Duke of Alençon, the *gouvernante* accompanied the bride to her new home in the bridegroom's palatial castle in Normandy.

It must have been a rather unhomelike sort of home for the clever, sweet-natured, sociable girl! The Duke, though young in years, was small, unyouthful in spirit, a dull-minded and gloomy individual, the sole points in whose favour, beyond his noble ancestry, seem to have been good looks and an absence of the more repulsive vices. Such negative virtues may deprive us of the right to declare that, in this loveless arranged marriage, the Pearl of Princesses was actually cast before swine. But, without doubt, she was cast before something very nearly as unappreciative. The Duke certainly could not have sympathised with her studious tastes, and the sedate charm of that pale long-featured face (the blonde hair veiled under a dark veil and the blue eyes so dreamy and wistful) with which her portraits have familiarised us, may well have left him cold. No child came to give the ill-matched pair a common interest and pleasure, and we hear of Marguerite as more and more devoted to her books and to the airy visions which they helped to create for her. Already we feel that she was preparing herself to follow the art in which, later on, she was to acquire considerable skill; the one art to which the practitioner seldom needs to be formally apprenticed, because the whole of life, of whatever quality, may serve as its apprenticeship and means to perfection.

Marguerite's fame as a woman of letters may rest, for most of us, exclusively on the *Heptameron*; that Boccaccio-inspired work* which still has an endearing originality of its own. But the collection of allant tales composed, as we know, to amuse King Francis on his sick bed, was far from being her most characteristic literary effort. More akin to her own mystical introspective spirit would seem that mass of religious and romantic verse, drama and allegory which, in the midst of varied distractions, she contrived to compose for her own pleasure and consolation. Yet the fact remains that none of these

* Its title was originally intended to be *Le Decameron*. But, unfinished, it contains only the stories of seven days, with two of the eighth.

can compete with the *Heptameron*, either in human interest or artistic construction. Which may serve perhaps to illustrate the paradoxical truth that a writer may be never more truly and thoroughly himself or herself than when sympathetically adopting the viewpoint of others.

But tasks very unbookish were, over a lengthened period, to employ and squander Marguerite's altruistic energies and emotions. The deaths without male heirs of the young Charles VIII and the aged Louis XII had at last cleared the path to the throne for the cadet branch of the house of Orleans, and in 1515 Marguerite's adored young brother became King of France. Now he desired, and demanded, the presence of his sister at Court, and now over that Court his sister was to preside with well-nigh queenly rights and retinue. For the young Queen-consort, Claude, daughter of Louis XII, was an ailing self-effacing little personage, sufficiently burdened with ill-health and the duty of child-bearing and grateful to the ever-kind Marguerite for relieving her of other burdens and treating her and her babes with such unselfish affection and care.

We can hardly visualise the Pearl of Princesses as breathing very easily in the moral atmosphere of that highly cultured but unblushing licentious Court. Yet, characteristically enough, she never seems to have openly censured or condemned it. This was, no doubt, partly because of her adoring uncritical affection for her brother, partly because a sensuous streak in her own temperament made for gaiety and freedom of manners. But, most of all, perhaps it was because that curious mystical mind of hers could make sharp distinction between the secret sins that corrupt the soul and the outward sins that show in the flesh, and could regard the latter as immeasurably less deadly. For the rest, she had her own little coterie of more or less kindred spirits—the poets and pedants who, whatever their standard of morals, could appreciate her intellectual gifts. Her protégé, Clément Marot—suspected, like herself, of unorthodox Huguenot sympathies and author of a metrical French version of the Psalms, which became for a time a “best seller”—declared that her feminine frame housed the heart of a man and the brain of an angel (“Corps féminin, cœur d’homme et tête d’ange”). Nor was Marot the only one of her admirers reluctantly to confess the ability of that heart and brain to safeguard the fair frail body from the grosser fleshly temptations.

That too-enterprising gallant, Bonnivet, for example, was to find to his cost that however freely the Duchess D’Alençon might dream and discourse on the theme of romantic love, she was entirely opposed to any crude attempts to materialise it. We know how, in later years she was even capable of holding up Bonnivet’s own extremely crude attempt to gentle ridicule and scorn. But the unheroic hero of that midnight intrusion into a noble and virtuous lady’s bedchamber was destined never to read the discreetly edited version of it in the *Heptameron*.* For by the time it was written he had long since bowed his comely head down on the last bed of all. At the grim battle of Pavia (February 1525) Bonnivet, profligate though he might be, at least faced death more bravely than Marguerite’s lawful husband who, to his wife’s grief and horror, had fled from the fatal field, leaving King François to his fate.

It might well be thought that the history books sufficiently familiarised us with the details of that catastrophic campaign of which

* In the *Heptameron*. See Novel IV in “First Day.”

the defeat at Pavia was the peak point and the captivity of François at Madrid the melancholy aftermath. But Marguerite's part in the headful business is too significant for us to leave it quite unnoticed. It has been well said that European history was then largely the history of the rivalry of François and Charles V of Spain, and when, in 1521, Charles's unwieldy dominions were further swollen by his election to the German Crown Imperial, the indignation of François (an unsuccessful competitor) broke all bounds. Though his already harassed and threatened realm was in no shape for war, to war, nevertheless, he would, bent on the reconquest at least of his beloved Milan. Marguerite, a natural-born pacifist, grieved over the prospect of bloodshed, but the appointment of her inefficient husband to be commander-in-chief roused in her a special anxiety complex as increasing her brother's hazards. In the troubled days that followed, her thoughts and words travelled continuously to the absent King, to whom she wrote movingly of his family bereavements—the death of poor Claude from tuberculosis and of his little daughter, Charlotte, of a grievous flux and fever.” Devotedly Marguerite tended both; devotedly, too, she later ministered at yet another death-bed—that of the husband who had excited her rare anger by his desertion of François at Pavia, but whom she treated, in his sickness, with all her customary compassion. It is good to think that now, at last, the graceless Alençon came to value her, obeying her gentle admonitions—“*You promised me, Monsieur!*”—to make his confession and communion and ending his brief unsatisfactory career in gratitude and peace.

Marguerite had but little leisure to mourn the dead. The affairs of the living were too insistent. Especially the affairs of the captive François, whom, in the autumn of 1525, she set out to visit in his Madrid prison. It was a fatiguing journey enough, by boat and horse-drawn litter, and when it ended there was still no rest for the tired traveller, who found her brother gravely ill and, as she tells us, had to act as his physician. Relieved of the immediate fear of his death she started instant negotiations for his release, going to and fro in and about the strange city and enlisting the aid of any and every influential person. Fortunately, the Emperor's sister Leonore (whose romantic heart the romantic François had already won) was her fervent ally. But the situation remained baffling, and the only terms to which Charles would agree were too damaging to the interests of France for even Marguerite to advise their acceptance. Her brave words to François—“Come what may, we will deliver you by the grace of God!”—sufficiently show the unbroken strength of her purpose. But the time limit of her safe conduct drew dangerously near and she was forced to start for home with that purpose still unaccomplished. The terms of peace which were finally agreed on were not as favourable or as honourable as she would have wished, including as they did the designation of the province of Burgundy and the surrender as hostages of two of François' young sons. But, at all costs, François was determined to gain his freedom and to be, as he phrased it, “a King again.” One of his first “Kingly” acts was, despite his formal betrothal to Leonore, the acquirement of a new mistress from among his mother's maids of honour. But though she could scarcely have approved, we hear no word of open rebuke from Marguerite, who seems sincerely to have regarded his immoral morals as mere venial errors and who was, besides, just then, preoccupied with a rather different *affaire de cœur* of her own. Henri D'Albret, the spirited young King of Navarre,

whose daring gaol-break from Madrid had excited general admiration and whose sympathy with the idea of Church reform naturally attracted Marguerite, had fallen in love with the sweet, still charming princess and, though ten years her junior, sought her in marriage. The wedding duly took place at St. Germain-en-Laye in January 1527, and some months later the wedded pair journeyed to the bridegroom's little kingdom in the Pyrenees ; to as much, at least, as the Spanish conquerors had left of it.

With this new marriage we seem to enter on a new phase of Marguerite's life ; a phase which to some degree counts as the most self-expressive and self-fulfilling. Not that the links which bound her to François can be described as in any way weakened. In the uneasy subsequent years, with their feverish alternations of wars and truces, their hectic attempts to gain for France this or that diplomatic alliance, Marguerite had never worked more unsparingly in her brother's cause, never, to use a favourite simile of her youth, shown herself more completely his faithful sunflower, turning continually towards him as her sun. The death of "Madam"—the mother who had been very dear to them both—must, by breaking what Marguerite called their "Trinity of love," have increased the affection between the two survivors ; and there was, besides, the grand project in which they both shared : the establishment of a College to rival the reactionary Sorbonne. And yet those unweakened links appear to us henceforth as part of a somewhat longer chain.

The fluctuations in François' foreign policy and his occasional uprushes of emotional fanaticism led to spasmodic outbreaks of religious persecution which wounded the compassionate Marguerite to the heart. More and more, when she found her intercessions unavailing, she was impelled to withdraw from the sight of such horrors and to create in the Kingdom of Navarre a refuge for those whose dangerous unorthodox opinions put their lives in jeopardy. We know what a real refuge it became and how the little Court at Nérac seemed to Rabelais an incarnation of his dream abbey of Thelema, with a right to share that abbey's motto : *Fay ce que voudras !* ("Do what you please !"). For nobody there could possibly please to injure anybody else. Life at Nérac might be deeply serious at its roots, but on the surface it was liberal-minded and gay. Though, since the death of her infant son, Marguerite had affected a sombre fashion of dress, there was nothing sombre in her sweet accessible manners. As François said, for all her virtue, she was never boring or wearisome. And if there was nothing else to show he was right, the composition of the *Heptameron*, to lighten the melancholia of his later diseaseful years, would suffice.

Of course, those who call the *Heptameron* immoral can never have read it. The edifying conversations (with the often beautiful speeches of the virtuous widowed lady, Oisille) interposed between the gay stories, amply prove that Marguerite intended to admonish as well as to amuse. But, all the same, few of the stories themselves could have been written, or read, by a rigid prude, and the book, as a whole, reveals an element in Marguerite's temperament which is absent from most of her other literary efforts. For instance, from such devout heavy little effusions as *Le Miroir d'une Ame Pêcheresse** whose disma-

* *Le Miroir* was put into English prose by Elizabeth Tudor, when a scholarly child. For its supposed heretical character it obtained the distinction of being banned by the Sorbonne.

the matches its theme, or from lengthy didactic poems, like *Les Prisons*, which narrates the soul's successive escapes from worldly pomp, vanity and wisdom. As Queen of Navarre, Marguerite was especially busy with her pen. But she was still busier with her charitable works. Henri D'Albret was no model husband, but in his practical care for his poverty-stricken people he was his wife's valued helper. While the queen tirelessly visited her poor neighbours in their wretched homes and ministered to their wants with her own hands, Henri, by various schemes, such as draining and planting the damp barren soil of the Landes and establishing a home industry of wool dressing, improved his subjects' living conditions.

Marguerite could but have rejoiced in these humane activities. As she herself says in *Le Miroir*—"Where we have Charity, we have God!" Yet she craved to find God also in forms of faith, and more and more, as time went on, sought soul-peace in convent walls and devout practices. It was at her favourite nunnery of Tusson, whither she had gone to keep the Lent of 1547, that the tidings she had so long dreaded reached her at last. The Sisterhood hesitated to tell her; but her foreboding heart had already divined her loss in a dream. King François was dead. The object of her lifelong devotion was gone.

Now, indeed, with her "sun" set, "the sunflower" must have been weary of time"; but, fortunately, she believed in Eternity. For the two short years of failing health and strength that remained to her, her thoughts were increasingly occupied with "the world of spirits" and she bore her desolation with a piteous pathetic courage. Without her brother's haphazard but not ungenerous bounty, her resources were rather seriously restricted, but by spending less and less on herself she contrived that none of her charities should suffer. So when she died in the mid-winter of 1549 we are not surprised that her innumerable protégés crowded, weeping, to her funeral in the cathedral of Lescar, that learned men and ignorant peasants alike mourned an irreplaceable friend. For the Pearl of Princesses was, within her limits, a true democrat. One who knew her well said of her that she "despised nobody." She was of the chosen few whose instinct bids them honour all men. Thus, despite her four centuries in the tomb, she hardly deserves that we should quite forget her. In the hostile destructive "masculine" age, she represented the typical woman-soul—compassionate, protective and essentially peace-loving. Her actual achievements are of her time, but the motive behind them belongs to Eternity.

G. M. HORT.

DR. JOHNSON'S LONDON.

THOSE who have a strong partiality for a particular place are sometimes described as "lovers" of it: "London lovers," for example. This term, so used, is often an exaggeration. Certain great writers have been called "London lovers" who, when their fortunes and reputations were made, returned to the countryside of their youth to spend their last years. Two illustrious authors fully deserve the name "London lovers"—Samuel Johnson and Charles Lamb. The first was a Staffordshire man; the second, a Cockney, and proud of the fact.

London was Johnson's home for forty-seven years, and he uttered

the most whole-hearted eulogies of the capital ever recorded. On one occasion he said: "The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it." On another he observed that a man stored his mind better there than anywhere else. When Boswell remarked that Fleet Street was a cheerful place Johnson agreed that it had a very animated appearance, but he added "I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross." His most-quoted tribute borders upon hyperbole: "When a man is tired of London he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford."

What kind of a town was this mid-eighteenth-century London which Johnson praised so much? Compared to our own prodigious metropolis it was small. The built-up area—to use a modern term—extended for about three miles north to south, including Southwark and for about four miles east to west. Highgate, Hampstead, Hackney, Stoke Newington, Islington, Paddington and even Marylebone were still villages. We are amused when we read that Johnson recommended Boswell to "explore Wapping"; but in their time open lanes lay between that district and the City. Westward, London ended at Hyde Park Corner. Kensington was a fashionable village attached so to speak, to a palace. Holland House was regarded as a country residence. The population was about 800,000. That metropolis constantly expanding, became in late Victorian times the county of London, which to-day has a population of four million. The large area which we call Greater London increases the total to more than eight million.

To a large extent, that is over the area which had been devastated by the Great Fire of 1666, London was a rebuilt city, for 13,000 houses and 90 churches had gone up in the blaze. Although it never quite reached any of those places where Johnson chose to live—Inn Temple Lane, Gough Square, Johnson's Court, Bolt Court—almost all the rest of the City was destroyed. By his time, therefore, houses of red brick had largely replaced the timber dwellings of former years. Wren's great Portland stone cathedral and the many other churches he rebuilt were a little more than half a century old. Thus there must have been a pleasing whiteness about them which the passage of two hundred years has partly obliterated. I say "partly" in view of a curious modern phenomenon which gives us a good idea of what these buildings must have looked like in their original state. Few Londoners or even visitors to town can have failed to notice that many of our public buildings, particularly churches, and some outdoor statues and monuments, are piebald in appearance, with the black and white sharply contrasted. If these light-and-shade effects are observed closely it will be seen that in all cases the black is on the east and north-east and the white always on the west and south-west. These structures so strikingly marked are made of Portland stone, a fine grained limestone from the island of Portland, off the Dorset coast. Where this building material is constantly washed by our prevailing wind, the rainy south-west, it remains clean and weathers to an ash whiteness. Elsewhere it becomes a sooty black as a result of the London atmosphere. Thus, as we travel from east to west we face the dinginess of the metropolis; on the return journey we see the bright side of things. St. Paul's is a notable example of this phenomenon so is the beautiful Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, built by Gibbs in the 1720s. In Johnson's time both these edifices must have been

ill almost entirely white. They may have been already a little shaded on their east sides, but the great era of smoke and soot was yet to come. Another sense in which eighteenth-century London differed visibly from the modern scene was in its skyline, for the general level of this was much lower in the London that Johnson loved. To-day St. Paul's still towers grandly above all other City churches ; but in his time it was overpowered by contrast even more impressively, as did all the churches in that period. In the National Gallery there is on loan a picture by Canaletto which illustrates forcibly this case of the low skyline of Johnson's London. He visited this country in 1764 and painted pictures of London which are immensely helpful to the student. The new one I have in mind is entitled " London from the terrace of Richmond House." This town residence of the Dukes of Richmond stood between Whitehall and the Thames : we are reminded of it nowadays by the row of houses called Richmond Terrace on the same spot. There were no embankments in those days, but Richmond House, like every other riverside mansion, had its own stairs to the river. Canaletto gives us an eastward view from these steps. St. Paul's dominates hugely, of course ; and the white spires of the numerous other churches rise from the house-top level to a degree suggesting the relative heights of trees to a hedgerow. His other painting now in the National Gallery is a view of Whitehall from Richmond House. To understand this scene we must be recalled that Whitehall Palace was only a memory, for it had been destroyed by fire in 1698. Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall (which now houses the United Service Museum) survived, and appears in this picture. There is also a distant glimpse of the spire of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

No object in the streets of his London is more closely associated in our minds with Johnson than Temple Bar, that great stone gateway built by Wren in the previous century to mark the western boundary of the City. As it had become an obstruction to the growing volume of traffic Temple Bar was removed in the late eighteen-seventies. In its place to-day, where Fleet Street meets the Strand, is the monument known as the Griffin. The Bar still exists, incongruously placed in rural surroundings at Theobald's Park (or Tibbald's Park, as it is called locally), near Waltham Cross, where it forms the entrance to the grounds of a country house. To those who know Temple Bar's history, and therefore regard the old archway as a veritable symbol of London life, it looks very odd in its present situation. The Charing Cross which meant so much to Johnson was vastly different in appearance from our fine open space on the south side of Trafalgar Square ; but the central object of the eighteenth-century scene still remains in its position of honour—the superb equestrian statue of King Charles the First, looking towards the place of his execution in Whitehall. On the site of this statue the Eleanor Cross itself had stood from the twelfth century until its destruction in 1647. Charing Cross in Johnson's day was a small space, a bend in the road from the City to Westminster ; but in times of popular excitement Londoners gathered there to demonstrate just as they have done since in Trafalgar Square, which was not constructed until the middle of the nineteenth century. Even a brief record of Johnson's life in London should not omit his close connection with the Church of St. Clement Dane in the Strand, where he was a devout worshipper for many years. The recent tragic history of this edifice, now a sad but strangely picturesque ruin, is only too well known.

Like everyone else Johnson travelled frequently upon London's busiest highway, the Thames, which for centuries was alive with passenger traffic. Two hundred years ago the commonest passenger vessel on London's waterway was the wherry, plied for hire by a licensed waterman. These popular little craft were light shallow boats carrying two or more passengers. They would ferry the traveller from shore to shore or take him up or down the stream. There were public stairs for the use of the wherries: Westminster Stairs, Temple Stairs, Old Swan Stairs, Wapping Stairs, and others to the number of seventeen between Vauxhall and Limehouse. The riverside taverns also had their stairs. Those of the Old Swan near London Bridge still exist, though the tavern does not. Wapping Old Stairs are also still to be seen. The watermen would moor their craft at the public stairs and sit about on the fences waiting for custom. The would-be voyager, in the manner of a modern man hailing a taxicab from a rank, would go to the top of the stairs and shout "Oars!" Instantly—such was the competition—half-a-dozen or more watermen would rush forward to compete for the fare. The coming of steamboats on the Thames followed by the institution of omnibuses on the London roads, and (a little later) the construction of suburban railways, made the wherry a thing of the past.

When Johnson at the age of twenty-eight came to London in 1737 it possessed only one bridge over the Thames. Did this sagacious young man wonder why the world's commercial capital should be so ill-provided on the river to which it owed its very existence? Certainly it astonishes us, in retrospect. We may be sure that he gazed with the greatest interest at this Old London Bridge, for it was regarded as one of the Sights of Europe. For five and a half centuries this fantastic piece of crazy patchwork had stood across the stream to connect London not only with Southwark and Kent and the coast but with the Continent and the rest of the world. This renowned stone structure had shops upon it, and dwelling-houses in which innumerable families had lived out their whole lives. In the middle was a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, and embedded in its masonry were the remains of Peter of Colechurch, the priest who began to build the bridge in the eleven-seventies. It stood upon twenty narrow arches through which the water rushed in so many miniature rapids. Shooting the bridge was a risky feat; there was a popular saying that "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under." When Dr. Johnson and James Boswell went by river from Temple Stairs to Greenwich for a day's outing they landed at Old Swan Stairs, walked to Billingsgate and there took oars again, thus avoiding the bridge. This was a common practice. Johnson lived to see two more bridges thrown across the Thames in London: Westminster Bridge, of which the present bridge is the second, and then Blackfriars Bridge, which was replaced by the existing bridge in Victorian times. When the first Blackfriars Bridge was proposed he tilted into a public controversy as to whether the arches should be elliptical or circular. He was no architect, but Boswell defends his hero in a delightful paragraph and reminds us that: "Lawyers are sometimes obliged to pick up a temporary knowledge of an art or science of which they understood nothing till their brief was delivered . . . and members of the legislature frequently introduce and expatiate upon subjects of which they have informed themselves for the occasion." Boswell was himself a lawyer.

The most noteworthy Johnsonian relic in modern London is the use numbered 17, Gough Square, on the north side of Fleet Street, where he compiled that monumental dictionary which was the first fully adequate and comprehensive work of its kind. This stupendous intellectual feat was accomplished in the garret where he employed amanuenses to do the routine work. This historic house, dating from about 1700, sustained some damage to the top floor during the recent war, when a blazing oil barrel came through the roof. That damage has been repaired.

The London that Johnson loved was a noisy city. Innumerable shop signs creaked as they swung in the wind. These signs were necessary, for the masses were uneducated. Coachmen, sedan chairmen, porters, messengers and link-boys could not read. Street vendors sold their wares from dawn to dusk. Iron-tyred vehicles rattled and regulated over cobble-stoned streets. It was an evil-smelling city, too, for there was no main drainage. Judged by modern standards it was an intolerable place; but compared with its own past it was the worthy capital of a great Empire. As such, and as the intellectual centre of the country, it was a fitting background for the achievements of this great lexicographer, essayist, critic, poet, philosopher and moralist; and it provided an audience for the most sagacious talk which has even been recorded since the time of Socrates.

OLIVER D. SAVAGE.

THE GOD AMENOPHIS.

IN Egyptian history Amenophis is a notable figure. He was born in the reign of Tuthmosis III, the great warrior king. Amenophis, the son of Hapu, was descended from an ancient family of the city Athribis in the Delta. His ancestors had been monarchs, or local governors, and his father bore the title of Chief Prophet in the temple of his native town. Of his mother nothing is known, except that her name was Iatu. Athribis was a provincial town, at that time of no great importance, although under the Saite kings of the Twenty-sixth dynasty it became an important religious centre, and played a more prominent part in the history of the country. It was the capital of the tenth nome of Lower Egypt, and a form of Horus—Horus hentekhthai—was its patron god. Amenophis must have migrated early to Thebes, but he never severed the connection with his native city, for he associates himself with the Nome of Athribis in many of his inscriptions, and bore the title of "Chief of the Prophets of Horus, the Lord of Athribis," side by side with his Theban master, the pharaoh Amenophis II, and at his death the local Horus was invoked in an inscription upon his sarcophagus. We do not know how he rose to eminence, but we find him enjoying the full confidence of Amenophis III, and rising to higher and still higher promotion by the favour of that king, who eventually paid him the great honour of allowing him to place statues of himself in the great temple of Karnak.

There are six statues of Amenophis—five in the Cairo Museum and one in the British Museum. It is the inscriptions on these statues that give the principal details of his career. His titles are given as Treasurer of the King of Lower Egypt, Royal Scribe, Scribe of the recruits, Amenophis the Son of Hapu, of the Nome of Athribis." This text is an address to the god Amun in which he demands the

favour of the god, recounting his good deeds and high reputation as a justification for all that he asks, concluding with the assertion, "I have attained the age of 80 years, may I live to be 110." The age of 110 was the most honoured goal an Egyptian could reach in a country in which old age was greatly respected, but there are no records to show that he attained that term.

In October 1913 Legrain made the important discovery at Karnak of statues 4 and 5 of Amenophis. These inscriptions indicate conclusively that he interceded on behalf of mortals with the god Amun. To perform this rite, he was appointed by the then ruling king. There are no other instances of a functionary acting in this way as the oracle of the god. His titles were all civil, and not religious, and it is to be assumed that he must have acquired during his lifetime the semi-divine attributes for which he became famous centuries after his death. Undoubtedly he lived to be a very old man. The site of his tomb has not yet been discovered, but it has been supposed that his tomb-chapel was situated at Deir el Medineh, where in later times he was venerated as a god.* His burial equipment has likewise perished, with the exception of some fragments of his great granite sarcophagus which are now preserved in the Museum of Grenoble. These fragments show that the sarcophagus must have been very magnificent, similar in technique and design to those of the sovereigns of the Eighteenth Dynasty discovered by the late Theodore Davis in the Valley of the Kings. Amenophis has been credited with the original temple of Deir el Medineh, which stood on the spot now occupied by the Ptolemaic building. It is possible and even probable that the greater part of the building operations of Amenophis II were planned and carried out by Amenophis, the son of Hapu, in his capacity of Minister of Works.

As Amenophis III reigned for thirty-five years, and as Amenophis, the son of Hapu, reached the age of eighty before the end of that reign, he must have been of middle age at the time of the king's accession. It is evident from the favours he received and from the fact that not less than five statues of him were erected in the temple during his lifetime that he was a man of exceptional merit. His appointment to act as intermediary between mortals and their god foreshadows the belief, expressed in later times, that he was of semi-divine nature. This fact must have paved the way for his posthumous celebrity and subsequent deification. There is no means of ascertaining how long after his death he retained unimpaired his reputation as an intermediary between the god Amun and his suppliants. Under the successor of his patron, his namesake Amenophis IV, there arose the great religious revolution that relegated Amun and his devotees, at least for a time, into the background.

Some years ago the British Museum acquired a remarkable document written in hieratic characters upon a limestone tablet, in the form of a decree of Amenophis, the son of Hapu, dated in the thirty-first year of Amenophis III. It was at first taken for granted that this monument was contemporary with the events it records, but in subsequent years scholars have believed it to be a late copy of a contemporary original. As his fame grew under the Ptolemies, the decree was believed to be a Ptolemaic copy of a lost Eighteenth Dynasty original. In 1910 the late Dr. Möller, the foremost authority on hieratic palæography, submitted the document to a minute study, and on palæographical as well as philological grounds proved that the text was not a Ptolemaic

* See *Guide to the Antiquities of Upper Egypt*, 2nd ed., p. 276. A. E. P. Weigall.

py, nor even a copy at all, but a forgery of the Twenty-first Dynasty. It was, in fact, a pious "fake" made by the priests of Amun to bring to prominence the memory of a notable devotee of their god, the collection of whom had fallen into abeyance. After this spurious document of the Twenty-first Dynasty there is no further record of Amenophis until the time of the Ptolemies is reached. Despite the lack of documents his reputation must have not only continued unbroken, but increased, and he once more reappears on the scene, not as a mere mortal, but as a god. In certain temples of the Ptolemaic period he is to be found associated with the traditional gods of Egypt in company with Imhotep, the physician and architect who flourished at the time of King Zoser. The cult seems to have been confined to Thebes, whilst that of Imhotep was more widespread. During his lifetime, Amenophis was not a physician, but later he was especially associated with medicine. I have tried to give a miniature picture of his remarkable character, and it may be hoped that future discoveries will enable us to trace the stages which his reputation and fame had passed through in the long period between his manhood and his deification. The Egyptians for long ages resorted to him for communion with their god. It must be remembered that each Pharaoh was regarded as a god and regarded himself as a paragon of virtue never equalled by his predecessors.

J. B. PRICE.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

REDRESS BY SCHISM ?

THE widening schisms of the bolshevic empire are an instructive and an encouraging thing to watch. It was bound to happen ; having started, the process develops apace. What may be called the balkanisation of the bolshevic outgrowth is of particular interest. It was from the first expected by experienced people that when bolshevism overflowed in full spate over the Balkan lands something not intended by Moscow was likely to happen. Those Serbs, Croats and Bulgars, for instance, who have put so much of the proverbial substance into the word "balkanisation" could hardly be expected to lie down and coo when they found themselves bound again under a foreign yoke. They do not bear tyrants gladly ; and they are so accustomed in their history to repelling or dodging tyranny that little abnormal hardship is felt in the common task, the daily round, of the dodging.

Hence it is that Titoism in Jugoslavia is an easy thing for the outside observer to understand. It represents a violent national reaction against the domination of Stalin and the Kremlin, Tito in the process becoming a ready-made national hero. It cannot be assumed that this is the end of the matter so far as Tito himself is concerned, but in the meantime he is certainly the nation's hero. It was not to be wondered at that in due course Jugoslavia began vying with Russia's own record in the staging of those monstrous trials which have been a bolshevic technique for a generation. The trial of a dozen Russian "spies" by the Serajevo court, now unfolding, turns the tables with a vengeance, for in Moscow they know all about the stratagem of galvanising popular support for the régime at home by the parade of alleged enemies of the régime operating from abroad.

While in Yugoslavia, therefore, Tito has contrived successfully to canalise Yugoslav resentment against Russian tyranny, and can sit back and revel in the glory of ostracism from the Cominform to the accompaniment of abuse from Moscow, it happens by contrast that the Bulgarian nationalists have so far had less success. Their leader, Traicho Kostov, former deputy Prime Minister, has had neither the personality nor the luck of a Tito. Moscow has retained its grip on the party, and Kostov is himself being brought to trial, together with his fellow-travelling Cabinet Ministers, Politburo members, army generals and party secretaries. Moscow is so far winning the fight in Sofia. Kostov is arraigned as the enemy to Bulgarian national interests, as a "spy," as the agent appointed by the foreign enemy to detach Bulgaria from the U.S.S.R., etc. The rival communist leader, pliant tool of Moscow, by name Valko Chervenkov, has officially defined Kostovism as "Titoism on Bulgarian soil," which "like Titoism grows on treason and espionage."

As may be imagined, all the resources of Kremlin anger and abuse have been trained on Kostov. His influence in the Bulgarian Communist Party, it is alleged, had been gained by his "devilish duplicity, fantastic hypocrisy and subtle diabolical methods." The style and temper of Soviet abuse was illustrated in a *Pravda* leading article of December 8th: "This contemptible gang of spies and traitors to the Fatherland, hirelings of the British and American imperialists, stood in all their revolting nakedness before the people's court and the world public." The article went on, in the usual Soviet manner, to make the remark now normal to all Soviet propaganda: "During the second world war, while the Soviet Union and the freedom-loving peoples of the whole world were fighting self-sacrificingly against the Hitlerite invaders, the Anglo-American imperialists were doing everything to prevent the liberation of the Balkan countries by the Soviet Army." So far the Kremlin has been able to "put over" that sort of thing both in Bulgaria and in Rumania. Poland and Czechoslovakia, tougher nuts for the tyrant to crack, are still in the process of being enslaved through the attempted dual means of eliminating the Christian Church and substituting Russian for national officers in the army. Hungary at the moment is held down by the Rakosi régime. Between Bulgaria at the one extreme and Yugoslavia at the other, Russia is meeting with every sort of reaction on the part of the oppressed peoples.

It is in the Balkans that are naturally manifested the first substantial signs of the cracks that are inevitable in so crazy a form of human tyranny as that which is directed from the Kremlin. The balkanisation of bolshevism was an inevitable development. Once the cracks begin to appear, they are bound to multiply and widen in a perhaps spectacular manner. The odd thing is that human folly should continue to give rise to these plottings and schemings for political power on the grand scale. If Stalin (to take a case) were an intelligent man, the last thing in the world he would covet would be the position he now holds, as head of an organisation swollen with its own craving for power over other human beings, plunging drunkenly towards its own undoing. The really interesting question, which is asked by one generation of men after another, and is not answered, is, why cannot the wisdom of experience be passed on? Why is it that each succeeding generation must start from scratch in its ascent to wisdom, making all the old mistakes, learning all the old lessons through pain and anguish?

It may be that a combination of circumstances is conspiring at last and unexpectedly to give the answer. For there is a new thing in the offing. What we have experienced so far in this scientific age has been the attempt from an individual quarter to build up an empire of power. The German character in our time has been typically scientific. Twice in our time we have experienced a German bid, based upon superior German scientific attainment, to impose a German domination of sorts upon the rest of the world. Both attempts failed, because such materialist projects are bound to fail with greater or less promptitude. Scientific development tends to hasten both their rise and their fall. But in the process of the rise and fall the new thing above referred to took form, namely the concentration of power into the hands of governments the world over. To-day the situation is not simply that German Nazism with Hitler at its head has been followed by Russian Bolshevism with Stalin at its head as the menace to ordered political progress in the world. Rather it is the universal expansion in the scope of political power, merely exemplified in the case of the Russian Government, which threatens the ancient liberties of man.

In some ways the Russian tyranny, because of its undisguised brutality and crudity in purpose and performance, is less formidable in the long run than that subtle form of creeping paralysis which spreads over the western lands; for the bolshevistic terror flaunts its direct challenge to the spirit of man, whereas western "socialism," differing only in degree, more subtly and more gradually subjects the free dignity of man to the political overlordship. The interesting thing, however, is that basic human nature in its impregnable majesty always triumphs sooner or later over attempted tyranny, whether crudely or subtly imposed. The present situation throughout the world represents a climax in the aggressive advance of political tyranny. It is no longer a question of a sectional, but of a general, menace. Are we to fall irrevocably under the power of the politicians—of politicians thus made competent to dictate to us our duty in every field of human activity, or is the province of Cæsar to be rolled back to where it belongs and the province of Christ to be liberated from the invader?

That is what the issue amounts to. For nearly half a century the aggression of Cæsar upon the province of Christ, that is, upon the freedom and dignity of individual man, has advanced unchecked. We have reached the fascinating stage where incipient redress begins to take shape. As a boil on the human body gathers to a head and then bursts, the process being unpleasant but the outcome salutary, so these gathering diseases of the body politic move to their climax and relief. This present disease is the swelling power of governments. It is certain that the redress will come; and it is equally certain that it will come by the bursting of the boil, as it were. The practical question that arises is, how can the healing process be helped, the bursting accelerated? That is the function of the doctor in the physical analogy of the human body, and is the function of intelligent people in the case of politics.

The disease in one word may be called bolshevism. It is bound to crack; has begun to crack. The Balkan schisms are the portent and the symptom of redress. Is it possible for intelligent people to formulate a policy to help on the redress? For instance, when the bolshevistic tide spreads over China, is it wise to "recognise" the

resultant tyranny set up on Moscow's prescription? For that matter, is it wise to maintain diplomatic representation in Moscow, with its corollary of bolshevic extra-territoriality and immunity in our own western capitals? Let the question be asked exclusively from the point of view of what is best in the present emergency.

That particular question was raised in a striking manner by the recent case of the Czechoslovak Professor Kraina. The professor had been libelled in Britain by an organ of the Russian *Tass* agency, and when the question arose of legal action in his behalf, the Kremlin put forward the claim of diplomatic immunity for the *Tass* agency on the argument that the agency is a department of the Russian Government. There is nothing essentially new in such a manoeuvre. The only essential fact is that the Kremlin through its ambassador in London is enabled to plot against British institutions in fully protected security. The British Government as a result of the *Tass* incident above referred to decided to set up an interdepartmental committee to consider how best to counter that particular form of abuse by Moscow of the immunity law; but it clearly will not in the least matter what recommendation that committee may make, nor what action the British Government accordingly may take. The problem is to catch a slippery eel.

It should be remembered that this sort of thing has been going on in one form or another, ever since the bolshevic government of Russia first obtained diplomatic immunity for its agents in London in the early 'twenties: when Leonid Krassin first took an office in Bond Street to house his trade delegation and thus started the ball rolling more than a quarter of a century ago. To-day the Kremlin is given full dignity and immunity in London. Its embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens is the headquarters of the Cominform's militant organisation in Britain; the premises are extra-territorial; no British person may even enter them without invitation; and they have a private wire to Moscow which cannot be interfered with. What matter, therefore, if the *Tass* agency claim immunity? The Kremlin could at any moment assign such immunity to any organisation it chose to set up in our country—so long as the Russian Government itself is treated as what the diplomatic formula calls a "friendly" Power, and given these privileges in London.

The only practical question for the British Government to answer is whether the Russian Government is to continue to enjoy its privilege in London of safeguarded immunity to organise communist subversion in Britain. So long as Moscow is given that privilege it hardly matters about *Tass* or any other subsidiary channel of subversion set up by Moscow.

This question of formal diplomatic relationships is of some relevance to the main problem: the problem namely of helping on the schisms in the bolshevic aggression. It formed a main theme of the last full foreign affairs debate at Westminster. Is it wise or expedient to maintain our diplomatic representation in those foreign capitals which are hostile to British policy? That is the question. In the debate here referred to Mr. Churchill pointed, not for the first time, to the nonsensical distinction which has induced the present British Government to refuse to send an ambassador to Madrid while maintaining an ambassador in Moscow: Moscow being the capital of a country which is the open and declared enemy of the old Christian civilisation, and Madrid the capital of a country which is a foremost

defender of that civilisation. And what of China, that vast new extension of the communist empire?

In considering this matter it is important to remember that though from one point of view diplomatic representation implies a state of "friendly" relationship between the countries concerned—even though the criterion of friendliness be the negative one of the mere absence of formal physical war and though such a criterion is quite ridiculous in the present case of Russia and her satellites—yet the decisive consideration must be whether such diplomatic representation is expedient, that is, whether it serves a useful purpose. It is arguable that there is greater need, from the point of view of expediency, for diplomatic contact with a hostile than with a friendly Power. An analogy is available in the practice of the Roman Catholic Church towards such States as are hostile to itself: an analogy which is of some practical relevance at the present time when the communist governments have declared war upon the Christian Church and, as in Czechoslovakia, are engaged at this moment in an attempt to break the hold of the Church upon the people. What is the practice of the Holy See in its attitude to an anti-Christian government; in other words, what is the real purpose and meaning of a Concordat? When Pius XI signed the Concordat with Germany in 1933 (in answer to an offer made by the new Nazi government) he did so for a normal and good reason. He himself explained in the encyclical *Mit Brennender Sorge* that "in spite of many serious misgivings at the time" he "forced" himself to consent, because thereby he avoided the appearance of abandoning the persecuted Christians of Hitler's Germany to their fate; and because, by maintaining contact with Hitler, he retained the chance of influencing Hitler in behalf of the aid Christians.

Similarly in the diplomatic field the practical question now raised is whether the western governments would do more good by being in contact with the communist governments on a "friendly" basis than by refusing such contact and placing full reliance upon the underground resistance movements in the subjugated countries. It is a moot point. One obvious contrast emerges: that whereas in the case of Spain there is no reason, and perhaps not much harm, in refusing full normal friendly relations (for Spain in any case exerts her full influence on the right side in the present conflict), yet in the case of Russia, including China, it may well be expedient to continue such relations precisely because Russia is the enemy.

At this present time the word "enemy" merely connotes that tendency in human affairs which fetters the individual to a machinery of State. As in all human affairs the outline of things is blurred by muddle and confused purpose on the part of the human beings who plunge into the fray. Human beings are of an infinite variety and of a wayward individuality. That in the long run is the reason why tyranny always breaks down. In the present instance there are forces on both sides of the iron curtain which, out of normal human muddle, fail to conform to the pattern. On the far side of the curtain the forces of what we may conveniently call Titoism and Kostovism are in their effect a foreign body in the advancing tyranny. They give us the striking example of what human individuality may do to a man-made plan for imposing a master-idea over masses of people; for both Tito and Kostov are communists, yet being communists they are humanly incapable of conforming to the full logic of com-

munist tyranny, when it is applied to themselves or to their own country.

On the other side of the iron curtain we find our own bolshevik leaders—those political planners, that is, who are infected with that same bug of political tyranny—so temperamentally incapable of sharing the full muscovite conception of political tyranny that they declare open war on communism. They are tyrants in their own degree. In our own country we find ourselves bound and shackled by political impositions which free men resent and to which they will never surrender. It takes time for the pendulum to swing. But it swings. That habit of political overlordship which was started in 1914 under the spur of a common fear has been confirmed by the continuing operation of the same fear, as manifested in two world wars; but there comes a time when men cry out again for freedom. The recent elections in New Zealand and Australia no doubt illustrate the new swing of the pendulum, belated though it be. The new Australian Prime Minister roundly and with clear justification explained the defeat of the socialist government by the peoples' demand, at last formulated, for less political control, less political taxation, more scope for private enterprise, more dignity and freedom for the individual. It was an incidentally interesting feature of the Australian voting that every one of the thirty-five communist candidates lost their deposits: which fact constitutes the delayed but inevitable answer of people who have been victimised by the sort of strikes and industrial upheavals which are a communist method of exerting pressure upon free peoples.

Effects follow causes, on both the natural and the supernatural level. When human beings are the reacting agent, both natural and supernatural influences come into play, because a human being is the creature of a God Whose work is beyond our understanding, and is perfect. When, therefore, misguided people, such as, in our time, Hitler and Stalin, seek to impose an empire of their own over God's creatures—creatures who in truth are subject only to God—they sooner or later find that their empire crumbles about their ears. What is more, when a certain general tendency in human affairs is set in motion by events which themselves are in conflict with the will of God—in this present instance the tendency being towards political tyranny, the events that caused it being two world wars—it is found inevitably that the new tendency, in its turn evil, excites a corrective reaction. The schisms that have begun to appear in the bolshevik practice, as now illustrated in the Balkans, and the growing impatience in other lands of excessive governmental control and interference in the material affairs of life are the sign that human nature has begun to react against a state of affairs that is incompatible with that spiritual condition of freedom in the development of a human soul which is the only important thing in man's sojourn upon earth.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

November 14th, 1949.

POSTSCRIPT (*December 15th, 1949*).—Just after the above was written it became known that Traicho Kostov had been sentenced to death by the Bulgarian Supreme Court. The sentence was announced on the evening of December 14th. The "court" is the normal Communist instrument for committing such atrocities and advertising them in

order to strike terror into the hearts of other actual or potential rebels against the tyranny. There is nothing new in the technique. This is not the first, though no doubt it will be the last, time that Kostov has been sentenced to death. He is a Communist whose crime in Moscow's eyes is not to have accepted the full servitude at Moscow's behest. Sentences, including imprisonment for life, were at the same time passed on the other ten Communists accused of " treason " in the same trial. There are thousands of Communists whose sympathies lie with the condemned men. The fact that these obscene and cruel methods of stamping out opposition have been a routine technique on the part of the Kremlin throughout the past generation, and that they continue at an ever-increasing tempo proves that the spirit of men cannot thereby be crushed. Their only practical effect is to deepen and widen the schisms that in the end will bring down the tyrants themselves.—G. G.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

THE COMING OF WAR IN 1914.*

As an exercise in exculpation the 1914 war-guilt controversy has largely defeated its own purpose. During the 'twenties so many documents on pre-war diplomacy were published by so many governments that it was difficult indeed to give a simple answer to any question, and the complexity and intellectual distinction of the many histories of the question—those of Brandenburg, Fay, Schmitt, Gooch, Seton-Watson, Renouvin, von Wegerer and Albertini being merely the most outstanding—has also taken the subject beyond the comprehension of non-specialists. If the German Government's purpose in publishing its own documents between 1922 and 1930 was to undermine the simplicities of the cruder " war-guilt thesis " and to prove that all governments were tarred with the same brush, then it largely succeeded; if it wished for agreed and clear-cut decisions it largely failed. What we have needed since 1930 has been a short, clear summary of the whole question by an author able to deal fairly with the issues. And that is what Professor Mansergh has now provided.

He still thinks that Germany bore the major responsibility for war in 1914. But the simple 1919 attribution of sole guilt he rejects. Her responsibility, he thinks, lay " not so much in causing the war as in enormously extending the area of conflict." Her predilection for " forceful diplomacy," her inability to understand and allow for the fear of German might deeply implanted in the consciousness of her neighbours, her ruthless impatience with any obstacle or check to her ambitions—all this made her primarily responsible for the state of tension in Europe out of which war sprang. And he believes that her strength, in which she herself believed, and which was proved by four years of war, shows how easily she could have afforded to take an independent line not unduly influenced by pressure from Vienna.

It was, then, a mistaken or inexpedient sense of loyalty to her Hapsburg ally, and a rigid and unadaptable military programme, which made her the real author of the European war. What of the other Powers? Germany's deliberate neglect of many opportunities to reach naval agreement with Britain did not make war inevitable, although it did make certain that when war came it would be prolonged and bitterly contested by the greatest naval power in Europe. In the case of France he agrees with the emphatic judgment of the German Ambassador, Baron von Schoen, on February 5th, 1914: " No man is inclined to risk his own or his son's bones in the cause of Alsace-Lorraine." It is clearly the Balkan issue which provides Professor

* *The Coming of the First World War, 1878-1914.* By N. Mansergh. Longmans. 5s.

Mansergh with his greatest problem, and here his argument is not always easy to follow.

Austria believed the war to be "a war for survival"; for Russia "the war was a war for prestige." Was it not for both a matter of survival, and for both, therefore, a search for prestige through victory? In a sense it was a race between revolutions, and Professor Mansergh seems to argue that a Balkan war (involving Austria and Russia) was inevitable, but that the war could have been localised had Germany, "recognising the realities behind events in South-Eastern Europe, firmly resolved that she would do all in her power to avert a European conflict." It is generally agreed that if Germany had not given her *carte blanche* to Austria after the assassination there might have been no Austro-Serbian war; but it is difficult to see how the war could have been localised after the Austrian attack. The attack on Serbia was bound to bring Russia in, the other Balkan States would presumably have followed, and even under the most restricted interpretation of the 1879 treaty (which limited the *casus fœderis* to a Russian attack on Austro-Hungarian territory) Germany would have been involved. And Bismarck had, in fact, agreed in 1883 to extend the *casus fœderis* to include an attack on Austria's interests. But in general the argument is clear and consistent, and Professor Mansergh does not hesitate to differ on occasion from the authors who provide most of his material. It is, incidentally, a little startling to find Albertini's massive and exhaustive three-volume study of the origins of the war dismissed as a "stimulating and suggestive short analysis."

(PROFESSOR) W. N. MEDLICOTT.

ASPECTS OF GOETHE.*

This is a collection of essays on Goethe on the occasion of his bicentenary, very unequal in their critical calibre, and sometimes strangely contradictory. For instance, while Professor Ronald Peacock speaks of "our difficulty in finding live nerves in our relationship to Goethe's work," Professor Barker Fairley states: "Goethe has so much to say to poets, artists, intellectuals to-day . . . he speaks to them as one of themselves." Dr. William Rose calls Goethe "perhaps the most complete human synthesis mankind has ever produced." Do these essays bear out this assertion?

Professor Peacock gives a fairly adequate summing-up of Goethe's achievement as lyric poet, although we would not agree with his opinion that "Goethe's thought and poetry is essentially romantic." Dr. E. L. Stahl considers "Goethe as Novelist." Especially his appreciation of *Wilhelm Meister* is splendid. Just as Thomas Mann did before him, he finds in the first part the individualistic "ideal of *Bildung*" glorified, while in the second part Goethe realised "that the new machine age demanded the substitution of a technical and a collective effort in the place of the outworn ideal of the development of personality based on æsthetic principles." Professor Fairley, in "Goethe and the World of To-day," is of the same opinion when considering the question whether we should see in Goethe the greatest and last representative of the old order of individualism or a champion of the coming order of socialism, and he calls *Wilhelm Meister* "a radical book." Professor W. H. Bruford deals with "Goethe and the Theatre." "Faust" is separately and admirably dealt with by Professor Roy Pascal, who looks at it from various angles. He sees in Goethe's greatest poem what Professor Stahl sees in *Wilhelm Meister*, namely a "synthesis between the inner world of feeling and imagination and the outer world of nature and society, the marriage between full personal development and social action."

Dr. Humphrey Trevelyan's essay on "Goethe as Thinker" is rather disappointing. It is certainly arbitrary to see the main characteristics of Goethe's philosophy in his ideas on morphology, *Polarität und Steigerung*,

* *Essays on Goethe*. Edited by Dr. William Rose. Cassell. 16s.

the demonic, and *Stirb und Werde*, and to assert that those are the ideas through which Goethe's thought has had the most effect on the thought of men in one hundred and fifty years." Dr. Trevelyan is at much pains to draw a direct line from Goethe to Hitler. "It is not hard," he says, "to trace the ever-widening effects in Goethe's thought through the Romantic philosophers to Wagner and Nietzsche and so to the Nazis." He misunderstands completely the real meaning of Goethe's poem *Selige Sehnsucht*, which celebrates the blissful and creative mystery that lies beyond all wisdom and clarity, and holds that the spirit of the lines

*Das Lebendige will ich preisen,
Das nach Flammentod sich sehnet*

has "survived through Wagner and Nietzsche to the Nazis." But these lines have not much in common with Wagner's romantic cult of death nor with the romantic *Sympathie mit dem Tode* of Thomas Mann, whom Dr. Trevelyan picks out to demonstrate "how profoundly Goethe disturbed the moral values of the Germans." He misses the meaning both of *The Magic Mountain* and *Doctor Faustus*, and if he draws in the problem of humanism here, Thomas Mann has corrected him long ago when he wrote: Humanism—it is the mean between a death-bound negation of ethical and civic values and a purely ethical philistine rationalism." And it is philistine rationalism that induces Dr. Trevelyan to censure "an undertone of cynicism and amorality" in certain utterances of Goethe's and to deduce from them National Socialism.

Speaking of Goethe's alleged amorality we find that ever-recurring reproach in many evaluations of his life work by English critics. Coleridge called the "want of religion and enthusiasm in Goethe an irreparable defect." Many others more or less agreed with him, as we see from the essays by Dr. William Rose and Professor W. H. Bruford on Goethe's reputation in this country and Professor Edwin Zeydel's essay on his reputation in the United States. It was this attitude which a Frenchman once called "narrowly moralistic." Goethe himself was of the opinion that art is "subject to no other law than that of beauty," and that a work of art may lead to moral consequences, but that to prescribe moral tendencies to an artist would spoil his conception. Dr. Trevelyan reminds us that Goethe took from Kant's philosophy "the rejection of teleology and the moral yardstick in Art as in Nature," but he probably does not approve of this, because he speaks of Kant's "largely destructive system."

The *Essays on Goethe* are certainly a step forward in the understanding of Goethe's complex personality, though they are not the last word about him. One essay seems to be missing in this collection: that on Goethe's political opinions. Thomas Mann closed the gap as it were by giving the Tylor Lecture of 1949 on *Goethe und die Demokratie* (Clarendon Press) in which he outlined Goethe's self-contradictory attitude towards politics. In it we find repeated again his opinion on *Wilhelm Meister*. He says: "This book is pregnant with ideas which carry us far from the cult of personality, the classical and bourgeois notion of culture which to bring into being Goethe was the main protagonist"; we see in it "the self-conquering of individualistic humanism, the renunciation of the ideal of individualistic universality."

DR. J. LESSER.

THE WIFE OF A PRESIDENT.*

History in the making is always fascinating, and history moving swiftly is even more so. To read the life of Abigail Adams is to find oneself plunged into an intimate record of the stirring days of the American emancipation. This book is the life story of a candid, intelligent, public-spirited woman, the wife of one President of the newly found Republic and the mother of another. She herself played a leading part in the moulding of the American

*Abigail Adams. By Janet Whitney. Harrap. 15s.

nation at its birth. Busy as she was at home with her young family, she followed the mighty happenings with national pride, encouraging her husband in his great work. She was impatient; "I long to hear that you have declared an independency," she wrote to John Adams. Stirring and solemn indeed were those times. Abigail describes the Sunday service which she attended at Boston on that historic August day in 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was read from the pulpit. "The good man, after having read it," writes Abigail, "lifted his eyes to heaven, 'God bless the United States of America, and let all the people say Amen'." Her own life changed with the making of the new nation. John Adams was chosen as plenipotentiary to France, and later as Ambassador to Great Britain. Leaving her country she joined her husband and son in Europe. We follow her in the trials of thirty days in a sailing boat across the Atlantic; see the glitter of the French Court against the poverty and squalor of eighteenth-century France; and then read her vivid impression of a Court held at St. James's Palace. To those who may carry away from these pages an idea of Queen Charlotte as a snob, the possessor of a "wide frog-like mouth," and of a pug nose, should turn to *Fanny Burney's Diary* and cull another intimate impression of the Queen, who, contrary to snobbishness, appointed, in preference to any Court lady, the daughter of a music master to be her lady-in-waiting because of her wit, intelligence and charm. Did Abigail's delicate position as the wife of the first Ambassador of the but lately seceded colonies, coupled with her own independence of spirit, assume a defensive attitude which the good-natured Queen mistook for arrogance? One of the most dramatic moments described in this interesting book is the first private audience that John Adams had with George III, and later with the Queen. "Another Europe, madam, is rising in America," he solemnly pronounced. "It will in future ages be the glory of these kingdoms to have peopled that country." The Queen may have smiled at the naïveté and ardour of this young patriot. In spite of his words the opposite seems to have happened, for the visitor to the States is amazed to-day to find the "colonial days" regarded with respect, and notes the pride with which some American families claim descent from the early colonists. Mrs. Whitney cannot know her Samuel Johnson if she believes that his robust views were paid to order. These are but slight criticisms against a book that deserves to be widely read. A remarkable woman's contribution to the making of a great nation merited a biographer, and Mrs. Whitney has carried out her work with enthusiasm.

THEODORA ROSCOE.

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There seem to have been better reasons for translating Rilke's early prose ballad, *The Lay of Love and Death of Cornet Rilke* (Lindsay Drummond, 7s. 6d.) than for translating most of his later poetry. For this immature poem, the result of one restless night, has a natural charm and lyricism which is lacking in most of the later poems with their absurd imagery and still more absurd symbolism and mysticism. The translators, Leslie Phillips and Stefan Schimanski, did their best to render the romanticism of the original in adequate English, and if they partly failed, it is not their fault. Similar though the two languages are in many respects, the translators saw themselves often compelled to use a verb for a German noun, or to choose words with very different vowels from those in the respective German lines, and so the artistic effect of the translation is often other than that of the original. Whether better or worse is a matter of opinion, and chiefly depends on one's intimate knowledge of German poetry, the music of German words. Anyway, we have to be grateful for the translation of this little prose poem which may outlive the rest of Rilke's poetry. Strange to see how things are repeating themselves: a century ago it was Heine, not Goethe, who became the chief representative of German poetry abroad; to-day it is Rilke, not George.

J. L.